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ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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MDCCCXLVIII.

JULY—DECEMBER.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων. οὐ. ὡν καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ ἘΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—
CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* I. I.

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THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR JULY, 1848.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. With Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by his Son, Charles Buxton, Esq. 8vo. London: John Murray.

THE annals of benevolence are amongst the best records of human life. They are full of instruction, and are worthy of diligent study. Other things may be more attractive to the light, the thoughtless, and the sensual, and may continue to engage, as they have hitherto done, a disproportionate share of public notice. The politician and the soldier, the hero of the cabinet and of the field, may secure more attention, and be deemed more important personages. Their history may be more widely known, the narrative of their lives be more generally read, but their deeds are questionable, their characters are complex, and their labors are commonly more productive of mischief than of benefit. Their reputation is for the most part artificial, the growth of ignorance, and of defective morality. It springs from the mental childhood of their compeers, and is perpetually lessening, as the knowledge and virtue of mankind advance. The heroes of a former age are, in many cases, now forgotten, or if remembered, are viewed only as specimens of a class which has been the opprobrium and curse of their race. No doubt there have been noble exceptions. Our own country has supplied many. The world has been bettered by our Alfreds, our Eliots, our Cromwells, and our Somerses, but, taken as a whole, these men have little claim on our admiration or gratitude.

For the most part, we turn from them with disgust. Their history is the record of great crimes, unredeemed even by the semblance of virtues. Happily for our world, a change is now passing over the judgments of mankind. Things are better estimated than they were. The false glory which has encircled politicians and warriors is on the wane; men are looking to the results of that which challenges their admiration, and are analyzing the motives which prompted its performance. This is as it should be, and whatever of haste, or of partiality, there may be in individual cases, the general result is full of promise. We are, as yet, only in a transition state, but it is something to have emerged from the deep gloom of the past, to have lost our admiration of mere courage combined with military skill, or to have ceased our idolatry for the civil rank, which has too commonly been achieved by artifice, selfishness, or ambition. These are lights which have led astray, and are now, happily, in the course of being eclipsed by the milder and purer effulgence of other luminaries. The human mind has grown out of its childhood. Men are attaining the stature of manhood. Brute force is giving place to moral principle, and the glitter of rank is fading before worth of character, and the influence of virtue.

One illustration of this hopeful progress is supplied in the greater attention given to the records of philanthropy. We do not now refer to that aspect of philanthropy which is distinctively religious. This is by far its highest form, and when seen in purity, commands both confidence and admiration. We allude rather to that other modification of the Divine passion which primarily contemplates the interests of earth, and leaves its traces in the more cheerful homes and happy hearts of human beings. These records have greatly multiplied in recent years, and the fact is honorable to our age and country. The volume before us relates to one department of human life in which such increase has been specially visible, and we do not envy the heart of that man who can review it without exultation. Though the prosperity of Britain is the growth of ages, yet, till about the middle of the last century, a large proportion of our people were coolly subjected to the most terrible wrongs which humanity could bear. The slave-trade made demons of our seamen, and filled the coasts of Africa with murder. The traffic in human flesh was carried on in open day, and its miserable victims—such of them, at least, as lived through the horrors of the middle passage—were deliberately doomed to hopeless slavery. Thousands of respectable people, the humane, the charitable, yea, in some cases, the religious, lived on the gains of this monstrous traffic. They were fed by the bread it produced,

and out of the abundance of their ill-gotten store contributed their pittance to the relief of misery at home. At length the voice of Granville Sharpe broke upon the silence, and the clamor that ensued would have terrified a less resolute or virtuous man. He fulfilled his vocation, by purging the English soil of the foul stain of slavery. Clarkson followed, and was worthy of his mission. With a self-devotion, which the early martyrs did not exceed, he addressed himself to the work, and was willing that others should have the honor, if he could but aid the triumph of the good cause. Wilberforce imbibed his spirit, and with winning eloquence, and all the weight of an unstained character, demanded justice at the hands of the imperial parliament. The king and his nobles, senators and merchants, who were as princes, opposed their prayer. But these men persisted for twenty years. Their convictions were based on a sense of duty. They demeaned themselves in the fear of God. They acted as in the great task-master's sight, and returned therefore, again and again, to what their opponents denounced as a quixotic and fanatical design. They were disappointed, they were outvoted. Wits laughed at their folly, the profane jeered at their religion, political associates played them false, and even the ministers of religion frequently impugned their motives, and denounced their mission. But they persevered. The religious element gave them firmness and endurance, and no power on earth could stay their course. In 1807 the slave-trade was abolished, and the agents of philanthropy rested from their toil.

Mr. Buxton, whose 'Memoirs' are before us, was a man like-minded, of equal firmness, of sound practical judgment, of unwearied industry, and of most earnest and devout application to the one great theme. He was just such a man as the crisis required, and his position and connexions gave him immense advantage. We had the happiness of occasionally meeting him at the council-board, and though sometimes differing from him in judgment, were deeply impressed with the intense earnestness and religious complexion of his advocacy. We rejoice in the appearance of the present volume. It is written by a son who has evidently been on his guard against 'the disease of admiration,' to which his near relationship must have inclined him. In some respects it is the model of what a biography, written by a son, should be. The general tone of the volume is admirable. Its style is clear, chaste, and gentlemanly, its spirit is unexceptionable, and the power it evinces is highly creditable to its author's intellect.

Thomas Fowell Buxton was born on the 1st of April, 1786, at Castle Hedingham. His father was a man of kindly disposition, devoted to field sports, and highly popular in his neigh-

bourhood. He died in 1792, leaving Mrs. Buxton in charge of three sons and two daughters, of whom, the subject of this biography was the eldest. His character was early developed, and comprised, even in boyhood, some of the best qualities of our nature. When at school with Dr. Burney, at Greenwich, he had a task imposed on him by an usher, as a punishment for talking in school hours. This was during the Doctor's absence; and on his return, young Buxton appealed to him, stoutly denying the charge. The usher as stoutly asserted it; but Dr. Burney stopped him, saying, 'I never found the boy tell a lie, and will not disbelieve him now.' The love of truth thus early shewn, distinguished him through life. He never lost it, and its influence was conspicuous in every stage of his career, and in each department of action. He was emphatically an honest man, in the largest sense of that word. His friends relied on him with implicit faith, and his bitterest opponents, even when charging him with rashness, fanaticism, obstinacy, and spiritual pride, never ventured to impugn his sincerity. He was greatly indebted to his mother for some of his best qualities. Her influence in the formation of his character was considerable. 'She was a woman,' he informs us, 'of a very vigorous mind, and possessed many of the generous virtues in a very high degree. She was large-minded about everything; disinterested almost to an excess; careless of difficulty, labor, danger, or expense, in the prosecution of any great object. With these nobler qualities were united some of the imperfections which belong to that species of ardent and resolute character.' Mrs. Buxton belonged to the Society of Friends, but does not appear to have made any effort to indoctrinate her sons with the principles of that body; and they were consequently baptized in infancy, according to the rites of the church of England. At the age of fifteen, having spent eight years at Dr. Burney's, without making any considerable progress in book learning, he persuaded his mother to allow him to remain at home. 'When no active amusement presented itself, he would sometimes spend whole days in riding about the lanes, on his old pony, with an amusing book in his hand, while graver studies were entirely laid aside.' His manners were rough, and a general waywardness of disposition appears at this time to have characterized him. It was, as his biographer remarks, 'a critical time for his character;' and, happily for himself and for mankind, soft and genial influences were brought to bear on his mind. These arose from his introduction to the family of Mr. Gurney, of Earlham Hall, Norfolk, in 1801. He was then in his sixteenth year, 'and was charmed by the lively and kindly spirit which pervaded the whole party, (the family consisted of

seven daughters and four sons), while he was surprised at finding them all, even the younger portion of the family, zealously occupied in self-education, and full of energy in every pursuit, whether of amusement or of knowledge.' He was received by Mr. Gurney's family as one of themselves. They appreciated his character, looked through its outward and superficial roughness, and saw the sterling qualities of a masterly though uncultivated mind. 'He at once,' says his son, 'joined with them in reading and study, and from this visit may be dated a remarkable change in the whole tone of his character; he received a stimulus, not merely in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the formation of studious habits and intellectual tastes; nor could the same influence fail of extending to the refinement of his disposition and manners.' A characteristic anecdote is recorded of Mr. Gurney, which, being brief, we quote for the amusement of our readers. It is still fresh in the memory of his surviving children, and was borrowed by Hook, in his tale of Gilbert Gurney:—

'He was a strict preserver of his game, and accordingly had an intense repugnance to every thing bordering on poaching. Upon one occasion, when walking in his park, he heard a shot fired in a neighbouring wood—he hurried to the spot, and his naturally placid temper was considerably ruffled on seeing a young officer with a pheasant at his feet, deliberately reloading his gun. As the young man, however, replied to his rather warm expressions by a polite apology, Mr. Gurney's wrath was somewhat allayed; but he could not refrain from asking the intruder what he would do, if he caught a man trespassing on his premises. 'I would ask him in to luncheon,' was the reply. The serenity of this impudence was not to be resisted. Mr. Gurney not only invited him to luncheon, but supplied him with dogs and a gamekeeper, and secured him excellent sport for the remainder of the day.'—p. 10.

In after life, Mr. Buxton was accustomed to refer to his connexion with the family at Earlham, as the most potent circumstance of his early days. 'I know no blessing,' he remarked, some years afterwards, 'of a temporal nature, (and it is not only temporal,) for which I ought to render so many thanks. It has given a colour to my life. Its influence was most positive, and pregnant with good, at that critical period between school and manhood. They were eager for improvement—I caught the infection. I was resolved to please them; and in the college of Dublin, at a distance from all my friends, and all control, their influence, and the desire to please them, kept me hard at my books, and sweetened the toil they gave.' Our readers need scarcely be informed, that one of the sons of this family was the late John Joseph Gurney, of Norwich, and that Mrs. Fry was a daughter. It augured well for the future

character and course of Mr. Buxton, that another of the daughters engaged his affection, and became subsequently his wife.

Mr. Buxton expected to inherit considerable property in Ireland, and his mother therefore deemed it advisable that his education should be completed at Dublin. With this view he was placed in the family of Mr. Moore, of Donnybrook, who prepared pupils for the university; and, in October, 1803, he entered Trinity College, as a fellow-commoner. His college life was distinguished by unusual honors; and at its close he was earnestly pressed to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of the University, which, however, he wisely declined. During his residence in Dublin, he labored with great assiduity. His visits to Earlham were now bearing fruit. His habits became fixed, his character matured. He abandoned the loose and desultory style of his former life, and applied himself with characteristic energy to the proper business of the hour. He evidently felt that he had lost much by past remissness, and resolved to make up for it by redoubled exertion. His resolutions were not fruitless. His power of will was great, and it was now happily called into requisition, and was wisely directed. Throughout life he was prompt, and determined. What he resolved on was immediately done. There was no long interval between the season of reflection and of action. Whatever suspense may have marked his judgment before his decision was taken, there was no vacillation afterwards. Unsteadiness was foreign from his nature. To resolve and to act were but different stages of one process, and they invariably followed each other. The vagrant boy of Earl's Colne, who loved fishing and field-sports far better than books, gave no promise of the unwearied and distinguished student of Trinity College. But Earlham had interposed between the two, and its ennobling influences had prepared the way for all that followed. The polish it gave to the outer man was exceeded by the change wrought within. It constituted the transition stage, and was ever regarded with complacency and gratitude. He awoke to a sense of what was due to himself, and the effect is thus described, in a letter to his son, written late in life:—

‘I am very sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so. I left school, where I had learnt little or nothing, at about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home, learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to College opened upon me, and such thoughts as I have expressed in this letter occurred to my mind. I made my resolutions, and I acted up to them: I gave up all desultory reading—I never looked into a novel or a newspaper—I gave up shooting. During the five years I was in Ireland, I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting place.

I never went but twice. In short, I considered every hour as precious, and I made every thing bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions,—and thus I speedily passed from one species of character to another. I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment—I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application, and irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and I found those things which were difficult and almost impossible to my idleness, easy enough to my industry; and much of my happiness and all my prosperity in life have resulted from the change I made at your age. It all rests with yourself. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination.’—p. 15.

It was during this period, also, that an important change was first indicated in his religious views. ‘I am sure,’ he says, about September 1806, ‘that some of the happiest hours that I spend here are while I am reading our Bible, which is as great a favourite as a book can be. I never before felt so assured, that the only means of being happy, is from seeking the assistance of a superior being.’ His views subsequently became clearer, and his feelings more habitually devout. The ministry of the Rev. Josiah Pratt, at Wheeler Chapel, Spitalfields, contributed mainly to this end, and was constantly referred to by Mr. Buxton, as having led to ‘his first real acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity.’ The basis of his religious character, however, was laid previously to his acquaintance with this estimable clergyman, but his influence advanced and matured that character, till it appeared in the beautiful proportions visible in his subsequent life. An over-ruling providence, which shapes events in conformity with its own design, was, from the first, preparing him for his noble calling. As yet he did not see his destination, but now that his course is fulfilled, we recognise the wisdom which presided over its earlier stages. ‘Whatever I have done for Africa,’ said Mr. Buxton to Mr. Pratt, ‘the seeds of it were sown in my heart in Wheeler Street Chapel.’

Mr. Buxton was married to Miss Hannah Gurney on the 13th of May, 1807, and resided for a short time at ‘a small cottage’ near Weymouth. He had originally contemplated the legal profession, but having been disappointed in his expectation of Irish property, he wisely resolved to apply himself to business, and thought of becoming a Blackwell-Hall factor. This, however, was frustrated by the offer of a situation in the brewery of his uncles, with the prospect of a partnership at the expiration of three years. He joyfully accepted the proposal, and writing to his mother in July, 1808, tells her, ‘I was up this

morning at four, and do not expect to finish my day's work before twelve to-night.' He was now a thorough man of business, and devoted himself, with exemplary diligence, to his vocation. His near relationship to the conductors of the brewery was a great advantage, but his progress in life depended mainly on himself. He evidently felt this, and with his accustomed decision applied himself to his calling. His correspondence, therefore, was less extensive than in previous and succeeding years. He applied himself vigorously to his proper work, and soon obtained such a knowledge of the various departments of the brewery, as enabled him to introduce material improvements into its management. He did not, however, wholly abandon his favorite studies, and appears to have indulged, even at this early period, the idea of some day entering parliament. The subject of capital punishments engaged many of his leisure hours, and he took an active part in all the charitable objects of the Spitalfields district, 'more especially those connected with education, the Bible Society, and the deep sufferings of the weavers.'

A severe illness, in 1813, greatly deepened his religious convictions, and gave a fixedness to his character which it never lost. 'It was then,' he remarked, fifteen years afterwards, 'that some clouds in my mind were dispersed; and from that day to this, whatever reason I may have had to distrust my own salvation, I have never been harrassed by a doubt respecting our revealed religion.' The healthfulness of his religion was shown in its activity. There was nothing moping or melancholy in it. It was not mere sentimentalism, a thing of feeling or of words, but an active, potent, and universal element of life. It led him to shun rather than to seek retirement, and readily to avail himself of every opportunity which occurred to mitigate the sufferings of others. The opposite of this is frequently the case, and much injury is thereby done to religion, as a large amount of useful service is withdrawn from the cause of practical benevolence. Nothing can be more foreign from genuine Christianity, than the sickly sentimentalism which thus assumes her name. The Divine Redeemer went about doing good, and Mr. Buxton imitated his example with most commendable diligence. The system of prison discipline early engaged his notice. It was at this time in a wretched state. Our prisons were nurseries of crime. So far from diminishing its amount, they contributed fearfully both to its extent and its enormity. Juvenile offenders were brought into contact with the vilest criminals, and many innocent persons committed on suspicion, received their first lessons in crime within the walls of our jails. The whole arrangements of these esta-

blishments were admirably adapted to promote the very evil they were designed to crush. This state of things had continued generation after generation, at an immense cost to the nation, and yet our sapient legislators wondered that crime was not repressed. For every criminal whom our barbarous code sentenced to death, some half dozen were created by our prison system. The extinction of crime was sought by legal murders, while its perpetuation and increase were insured by the corrupting associations of our administrative policy. To this great evil the attention of a few philanthropists was happily directed, at the commencement of the present century, and Mr. Buxton was foremost amongst them. As in other cases, he spared neither pains nor time, in order to acquaint the public with the real facts of the case. He devoted considerable attention to the subject, and in February, 1818, published a work entitled, 'An Inquiry whether Crime be Produced or Prevented by our Present System of Prison Discipline,' which ran through six editions in the course of a year, and gave an impulse to public feeling which has never been lost. Sir James Mackintosh did not exceed the truth when, referring to this volume, in the House of Commons, he said:—

'The question of our penal code, as relating to prison abuses, has been lately brought home to the feelings of every man in the country, by a work so full of profound information, of such great ability, of such chaste and commanding eloquence, as to give that House and the country a firm assurance, that its author could not embark in any undertaking which would not reflect equal credit upon himself and upon the object of his labours.'—p. 75.

It is no marvel that Mr. Wilberforce and others now began to look to Mr. Buxton, as destined to find his appropriate sphere of action in St. Stephen's. He was ripe for parliamentary life. His principles were fixed. His character had been tested. He had passed his novitiate with distinguished credit, and now awaited the summons of duty to enter parliament. That summons came in 1818. In the spring of that year a general election took place, and Mr. Buxton was returned for Weymouth. Thirty years ago, it was not unusual for English elections to be disgraced by brutal conflicts, as well as systematic bribery. This was the case at Weymouth, and it required all Mr. Buxton's decision to put a stop to it. 'Beat them,' he said to his supporters, 'in vigour, beat them in the generous exercise of high principle, beat them in disdain of corruption, and the display of pure integrity; but do not beat them with bludgeons.' His views in entering on this new sphere of labor were characteristic of his religious spirit, and afforded good augury of the honorable course he pursued. They are thus stated by himself, and we

should have more hope of our country, if a larger number of her representatives contemplated their responsibilities in a similar temper. We quote his words, as containing the secret of his strength, and affording the best illustration of his character:—

‘Now that I am a member of Parliament, I feel earnest for the honest, diligent, and conscientious discharge of the duty I have undertaken. My prayer is for the guidance of God’s Holy Spirit, that, free from views of gain or popularity,—that, careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand, I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares which may surround me; keep me from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, or prejudice or ambition, and so enlarge my heart to feel the sorrows of the wretched, the miserable condition of the guilty and the ignorant, that I may ‘never turn my face from any poor man;’ and so enlighten my understanding, that I may be a capable and resolute champion, for those who want and deserve a friend.’—p. 80.

His earliest parliamentary efforts were directed to the state of our criminal population. He had deeply studied the subject, was master both of its principles and of its details, and—which constitutes no trifling element of success—was thoroughly sincere and earnest. On the 2nd of March, 1819, he seconded a motion of Sir James Mackintosh, for the appointment of a committee on criminal law, and the speech he delivered established his reputation with the House. His intellect was that of a cultivated Englishman,—masculine, energetic, and practical, having more respect to the end contemplated, than to the subtleties of logic or the ornaments of speech. Not that he was deficient in either, but that they were kept in due subordination. They were his means, not his end, and his speech on this occasion clearly illustrated the fact:—

‘There are persons living,’ he said, ‘at whose birth the criminal code contained less than sixty capital offences, and who have seen that number quadrupled,—who have seen an act pass, making offences capital by the dozen and by the score; and what is worse, bundling up together offences, trivial and atrocious,—some, nothing short of murder in malignity of intention, and others, nothing beyond a civil trespass,—I say, bundling together this ill-sorted and incongruous package, and stamping upon it ‘death without benefit of clergy.’—p. 84.

His views on the subject of parliamentary oratory were sound, and to his strict adherence to them he owed much of his success in the House. Writing to his friend, Mr. North, soon after his election, he says, ‘Perhaps you will like to hear the impression the House makes upon me. I do

not wonder that so many distinguished men have failed in it. The speaking required is of a very peculiar kind: the House likes *good sense and joking*, and nothing else; and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which may be called Philippian. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated; all attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter. An easy flow of sterling, forcible, plain sense, is indispensable; and this, combined with great powers of sarcasm, gives Brougham his station.' He then adds, what perhaps will surprise some, considering that such men as Canning, Mackintosh, Plunkett, and Brougham, were at this time members of the House—'And now let me tell you a secret: these great creatures turn out, when viewed closely, to be but men, and men with whom *you* need not fear competition.'

His attention was now divided between various philanthropic objects, each one of which would have sufficed for a man of ordinary diligence and earnestness. He describes himself as 'working very, very hard,' and the catalogue of his labors fully justifies his statement. The condition of our criminal law engaged his special notice. He frequently spoke on the subject, and the practical cast of his mind was strikingly shewn in the line of argument he took. Referring in one speech to the punishment of forgery, he triumphantly contrasted the effect of increased severity with the results of an opposite policy, in the case of another crime:—

'For a multitude of years,' he said, 'every wretch who was overtaken by the law, without regard to age or sex, or circumstances in extenuation, was consigned to the hangman. You accomplished your object, no doubt! By dint of such hardness you exterminated the offence as well as the offenders: forgeries of course ceased in a country under such a terrible method of repressing them! No! but they grew, they multiplied, they increased to so enormous an extent—victim so followed victim, or rather one band of victims was so ready to follow another, that you were absolutely compelled to mitigate your law, because of the multitude of the offenders—because public feeling, and the feeling of the advisers of the crown, rebelled against such continued slaughter.'

'Have I not then a right to cast myself upon the House, and to implore them no longer to continue so desperate and so unsuccessful a system; and to lay side by side the two cases—forgery and stealing from bleaching grounds,—both offences only against property—both unattended with violence. In the one we have tried a mitigation of the law, and have succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations; in the other we have tried severity to the utmost extent—and to the utmost extent it has failed. Well then: are we not bound—I will not say by our feelings, or by tenderness for life—but by every principle of reason and equity; of common sense and common justice; to discontinue a system

which has so utterly failed, and to embrace a system which has been so eminently successful ?'—p. 110.

The evil, however, was too gigantic to be speedily corrected. A powerful party opposed amelioration, and the efforts of Sir James Mackintosh—one of the most humane and enlightened of English statesmen—continued in consequence, for some years, to be apparently unsuccessful. Mr. Buxton and others were always at his side, and though their motions were rejected by a stolid majority, they prepared the way for Sir Robert Peel, who, on taking office in 1826, commenced a revision of the criminal code. In 1830, the laws relating to forgery were consolidated, but the punishment of death was retained. Against this an amendment was proposed by Sir James Mackintosh, which being lost, Mr. Buxton immediately gave notice, in the name of Sir James, of another motion to the same effect, in a subsequent stage of the bill. On this motion a majority was obtained against the punishment of death for forgery; and though the Lords, with characteristic wisdom and humanity, rejected the decision of the Commons, the question was virtually carried, and no execution for forgery has since taken place. It should be remembered by their countrymen, that at the time Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Buxton brought forward the subject, *two hundred and thirty* offences were punishable with death. What a fearful amount of guilt must have been accumulated by the operation of so barbarous a code! The success of the early laborers in this field may well stimulate their successors, in following out their good task to its completion.

Mr. Buxton was now approaching the great work of his life. His parliamentary career had been narrowly observed by Mr. Wilberforce and others, and the impression became general, that he was destined to succeed that great and good man in the leadership of the anti-slavery cause. Mr. Wilberforce was advanced in years, and his infirmities called for rest. But he was desirous, before retiring from the House, to commit the cause of the negro to some faithful advocate, whose ability and parliamentary station would enable him to do it justice. With this view his attention was directed to Mr. Buxton; and, in a letter, dated May 24, 1821, he earnestly entreated his acceptance of the post. The letter is honorable to both parties, and will be read with great interest. The following passage breathes a spirit of noble consecration, in which all personal and selfish views are merged in devout attachment to one of the holiest enterprises of humanity:—

'I have been waiting,' says Mr. Wilberforce, 'with no little solicitude, for a proper time and suitable circumstances of the country, for intro-

ducing this great business; and, latterly, for some member of Parliament, who, if I were to retire or to be laid by, would be an eligible leader in this holy enterprise.

‘I have for some time been viewing you in this connection; and after what passed last night, I can no longer forbear resorting to you, as I formerly did to Pitt, and earnestly conjuring you to take most seriously into consideration, the expediency of your devoting yourself to this *blessed service*, so far as will be consistent with the due discharge of the obligations you have already contracted, and in part so admirably fulfilled, to war against the abuses of our criminal law, both in its structure and its administration. Let me then entreat you to form an alliance with me, that may truly be termed holy, and if I should be unable to commence the war (certainly not to be declared this session); and still more, if, when commenced, I should (as certainly would, I fear, be the case) be unable to finish it, do I entreat that you would continue to prosecute it. Your assurance to this effect would give me the greatest pleasure—pleasure is a bad term—let me rather say peace and consolation; for alas, my friend, I feel but too deeply how little I have been duly assiduous and faithful in employing the talents committed to my stewardship; and in forming a *partnership* of this sort with you, I cannot doubt that I should be doing an act highly pleasing to God, and beneficial to my fellow-creatures. Both my head and heart are quite full to overflowing, but I must conclude. My dear friend, may it please God to bless you, both in your public and private course.’—p. 118.

Mr. Buxton deliberated long and thoughtfully on this proposition, and, like a prudent and honest man, sought by diligent study of the whole question, to ascertain what it involved. His decision was at length taken, and he instantly proceeded to put it in action. New life was at once infused into the anti-slavery cause. Early in March, 1823, Mr. Wilberforce published his ‘Appeal on Behalf of the Slaves,’ and about the same time the Anti-Slavery Society was formed, and commenced the collection and publication of evidence on the condition of the Negro population of the Colonies. We need not attempt any minute detail of what followed. On the 15th of May, Mr. Buxton moved in the Commons, ‘That the state of slavery is repugnant to the principles of the British constitution, and of the Christian religion; and that it ought to be gradually abolished throughout the British colonies, with as much expedition as may be consistent with a due regard to the well-being of the parties concerned.’ An animated debate ensued, and certain amendments proposed by Mr. Canning were ultimately adopted. The government pledged itself to amelioration, and, though its promises were unfulfilled, an important step was gained. The question of emancipation was fairly mooted. Public attention was diverted from the slave-trade to slavery itself; the colonies were warned of what awaited them, and the

philanthropists and Christians of the mother country were summoned to the consideration of a question, in which they were destined speedily to take an absorbing interest. 'A few minutes ago,' said Mr. Buxton, in his opening speech, 'was commenced that process which will conclude, though not speedily, in the extinction of slavery throughout the British dominions.' His words were prophetic. They proved true to the letter. Various alternations took place. Government pledges were violated, political partisans sacrificed their humanity to their selfishness, the fears of the timid were aroused, the mere men of expediency fell off, but the good cause grew and strengthened. From this moment it steadily advanced in public confidence; and when, at length, the earnestness and endurance of religious principle were thrown into it, even a reluctant administration was compelled to aid its triumph. Mr. Buxton's conduct of its earlier movements was emphatically illustrative of the firmness and decision of his character. He broke with Mr. Canning, when that minister quailed before the threats of the colonists, and, contrary to the advice of many friends, exposed the feebleness and truculency of his policy:—

'If,' said Mr. Buxton, 'in the debate of March, 1824, 'this full and comprehensive pledge, this engagement given as to *all* the colonies; is to be frittered down, at present at least, to a single island; if the advantages promised are to be granted indeed, to the 30,000 slaves in Trinidad, but withheld from the 350,000 in Jamaica, and the 70,000 in Barbadoes; if the '*earliest period*' is to be construed to mean some time, so undefined and distant, that no man can say in what century it will take place; if our pledge to do this, is now to mean no more than that we will suffer it to be done, by the slow and gradual course of admonition and example: then, I see no reason why ten centuries may not elapse, before the Negroes are freed from their present state of melancholy and deplorable thralldom. We, who have engaged in the cause, we, at least, will be no parties to such a desertion of duty, to such a breach of faith.

'I well know,' he added, 'the difficult situation in which I stand. No man is more aware than I am of my inability to follow the brilliant and able speech which has just been delivered. But I have a duty to perform, and will perform it. I know well what I incur by this. I know how I call down upon myself the violent animosity of an exasperated and most powerful party. I know how reproaches have rung in my ears since that pledge was given, and how they will ring with tenfold fury now that I call for its fulfilment. Let them ring! I will not purchase for myself a base indemnity, with such a sting as this on my conscience. 'You ventured to agitate the question; a pledge was obtained; you were, therefore, to be considered the holder of that pledge, to which the hopes of half a million of people were linked. And then, fearful of a little unpopularity, and confounded by the dazzling eloquence of the Right Hon. gentleman, you sat still, you held your peace, and were

satisfied to see his pledge, in favour of a whole archipelago, reduced to a single island.'—p. 148.

Such language was worthy of his position, and may well shame the advocates of a timid and vacillating policy in all coming times. Years passed on in faithful and unrequited service, but before we notice its triumphant issue, we must give place to the following brief extract, in which reference is made to another great question that broke up, in fact, the administration of the Duke of Wellington, and prepared the way for the abolition of slavery. It is taken from a letter to Mr. J. J. Gurney, dated February 9, 1829.

'We had a slave meeting,' says Mr. Buxton, 'at Brougham's, yesterday; and Sam. Gurney would go with me, to prevent them from putting too much upon me. Brougham, Mackintosh, Denman, Spring Rice, Wm. Smith, Macaulay, were the party. They were all in the highest glee about the catholics; Brougham particularly. They seemed exquisitely delighted with the vexation of the Tories, who are, and have reason to be, they say, bitterly affronted; and the great ones among them vow they will have an apology, in the shape of some good place, or they will never forgive the Duke for letting them go down to the House as strong protestants, and insisting upon their returning that very day, stout catholics! They say they do not mind changing their opinions,—that is a duty which they must sometimes pay to their chiefs,—but they think it hard to be obliged to turn right-about-face at the word of command, without a moment being given to change their convictions.

'The Duke is very peremptory. The story goes, that he said to Mr. —, who has a place under government, 'We have settled the matter, and hope you like it.' Mr. — said, he would take time to consider it. 'Oh yes! you shall have plenty of time, I don't want your answer before four o'clock to-day. I shall thank you for it then; for, if you don't like our measures, we must have your office and seat, for somebody else.'

'To-morrow, we are to have a fierce debate. The high church party are very furious, and talk of calling upon the country; and I expect we shall have a good deal of bitterness.'—p. 212.

The result is well known. Catholic emancipation was carried, and the division which thence ensued in the Tory party, made way for the premiership of Earl Grey. Meanwhile, the cause of the negroes had been effectually promoted by the violence of the colonists.

'Our slavery concerns,' says Mr. Buxton, writing to Dr. Philip, in November, 1830, 'go on well; the religious public has, at last, taken the field. The West Indians have done us good service. They have of late flogged slaves in Jamaica for praying, and imprisoned the missionaries, and they have given the nation to understand that preaching and

praying are offences not to be tolerated in a slave colony. That is right—it exhibits slavery in its true colours—it enforces your doctrine, that if you wish to teach religion to slaves, the first thing is, to put down slavery.

‘I have 100, perhaps 150 petitions waiting for me in London, but I do not leave home at present. When another election arrives, and if we have a change of ministry, which may come soon, the subject will be more thought of than it has been; but I must go to my afflicted wife.’—p. 240.

What the writer anticipated speedily came to pass. A new parliament was convened, and the religious people of Great Britain did themselves immortal honor, by carrying the slave question to the polling-booth. They had, in fact, outstripped their parliamentary leaders, and now loudly called on them to take up a position in advance of their former ground. The attack made by the white colonists on Christianity,—for it amounted to nothing short of this,—left the religious men of the empire no alternative. They would have borne much. They shrank—unjustifiably, in our judgment—from the publicity, and turmoil, and political strife, which the contest involved; but when the alternative proposed was, Christianity or slavery, the spiritual emancipation of the negroes or their continued brutality and practical atheism, they could not hesitate. They were reduced to a choice which did not admit of question, and their decision was prompt and irrevocable. The effect of their adhesion was marked, not only in the spirit in which the enterprise was conducted, but also in the ground that was assumed. They denounced slavery as a sin, and, therefore, repudiated all attempts at its modification. It was to be abandoned, instantly, and for ever, under a sense of Divine displeasure; and he who hesitated was reprovèd as faithless to God, and a robber of his fellow-men. Mr. Charles Buxton has not done justice to this part of his case. Not that he has indulged in depreciatory remarks. His good sense and good feeling have kept him from this; he simply notes, in brief and passing words, the fact to which we allude. His fault is one of omission, but it is of serious magnitude, as it leaves unexplained the rapidity of the triumph obtained. It is impossible to account satisfactorily for the consummation, without bearing in view the attitude assumed by the religious community. Their numbers, their earnestness, and their self-sacrifice; the simplicity of the ground they took, and the evident hopelessness of diverting them from their course, brought such an accession of strength to Mr. Buxton, and his parliamentary associates, as enabled them to dictate terms, and to demand the immediate concession of their case. The omis-

sion of which we speak, is specially remarkable in the case of the missionaries Knibb and Burchell, to whom only one reference is made, and that respects simply their evidence before the committees of the two Houses (p. 295). We are surprised at this, and are at a loss to explain it. The marvellous effects of their appeals, and especially those of Mr. Knibb, are so notorious; their wondrous energy, the sanctified passion with which they literally stormed the hearts of their countrymen, are so universally known, and brought such vast accessions to the anti-slavery phalanx, that this passing over of their labors puzzles us. The general tone of Mr. Buxton's volume is too honorable to permit the supposition of an unworthy motive, and we must, therefore, leave the matter in absolute ignorance of the cause of so strange a fact.* Can it be, that the biographer's sphere of observation is so limited, his anti-slavery *world* so contracted, as to preclude his acquaintance with facts so material to his case? We can scarcely admit the supposition, and yet this appears the most charitable explanation which can be given.

The immediate coadjutors of Mr. Buxton were endlessly divided in their views. Even those on whom he most relied, were, with few exceptions, unprepared to carry out the convictions of the great body of his supporters. On the 25th of March, 1832, twenty of his leading anti-slavery friends dined with him, for the purpose of consulting on the course to be pursued, and the following is the account he gives of their views.

'This select band of our special friends and faithful supporters, differed upon every practical point; and opinions wavered all the way, from the instant abolition of slavery without any compensation, to its gradual extinction, through the agency, and with the cordial concurrence of, the planters.'—p. 279.

The government of Earl Grey were little disposed to trouble themselves with the slavery question. Their attention was engrossed with the Reform Bill, and they would gladly, if public feeling had permitted it, have continued a medium policy. They admitted the evil of slavery, and the obligation of effecting its ultimate extinction, but clung 'to their old notion of gradually mitigating its evils, before doing it away.' In this they acted in the low spirit of their generation, but happily the day of their power was gone. A greater than Cæsar had arisen, and before its mandate they were compelled to give way. Mr. Buxton needed all the support which public opinion could give him. It

* To those who are unacquainted—if such there are—with the anti-slavery labors of Mr. Knibb, we strongly recommend the immediate perusal of Mr. Hinton's 'Memoir of William Knibb,' reviewed in our journal for April, 1847.

was a critical conjuncture in his own history and in the abolition struggle, and, had he wavered, the result would have been disastrous. But he did not waver, and we hold him in lasting honor for it. The 24th of May was probably the most trying and painful day of his life. He had endeavored to carry the government with him, and failing to do so, he resolved to move for the appointment of a committee. Nearly all his friends besought him not to persevere. Dr. Lushington 'was of opinion that it would endanger the cause,' and Lords Althorp and Howick 'used every argument and almost every entreaty.' 'Is the man mad?' inquired Lord Brougham; 'does he mean to act without means? He must give way.' Happily Mr. Buxton, spurned this dictation. His rule of duty was far higher and more stringent than that which the chancellor admitted, and he was therefore deaf to the entreaties of friends, though the struggle cost him dear. The following extract, somewhat too extended for our limits, is so deeply interesting, and so intimately connected with the elucidation of his character, that we cannot forego its insertion. It is taken from a letter of his eldest daughter:—

'Thursday morning, May 24th, came. My father and I went out on horseback directly after breakfast, and a memorable ride we had. He began by saying that he had stood so far, but that *divide he could not*. He said I could not conceive the pain of it, that almost numberless ties and interests were concerned, that his friends would be driven to vote against him, and thus their seats would be endangered. But then his mind turned to the sufferings of the missionaries and of the slaves, and he said after all he must weigh the *real* amount of suffering, and not think only of that which came under his sight; and that if he were in the West Indies, he should feel that the advocate in England ought to go straight on, and despise those considerations. In short, by degrees, his mind was made up. When we got near the House every minute we met somebody or other, who just hastily rode up to us. 'Come on to-night?' 'Yes.'—'Positively?' 'Positively;' and with a blank countenance, the inquirer turned his horse's head, and rode away. I do not know how many times this occurred. In St. James's Park we met Mr. Spring Rice, whom he told, to my great satisfaction, that he positively *would* divide. Next Sir Augustus Dalrymple came up to us, and, after the usual queries, said, 'Well, I tell you frankly I mean to make an attack upon you to-night.' 'On what point?' 'You said some time ago, that the planters were opposed to religious instruction.' 'I did, and will maintain it.' We came home, and dined at three. It is difficult to recall, and perhaps impossible to convey to you the interest and excitement of the moment. Catherine Hoare, and I, and the little boys, went down with him. We were in the ventilator by 4 o'clock; our places were therefore good. For a long time we missed my father, and found afterwards, he had been sent for by Lord Althorp for a further discussion, in which, however, he did not yield. Many Anti-slavery

petitions were presented; the great West Indian petition by Lord Chandos. At length, about 6, 'Mr. Fowell Buxton' was called: he presented two petitions, one from the Archbishop of Tuam, and his clergy, and the other from the Delegates of the Dissenters in and near London. The order of the day was then called, and he moved his resolution, which was for a Committee 'to consider and report upon the best means of abolishing the state of slavery throughout the British dominions, with a due regard to the safety of all parties concerned.' He spoke very well indeed, and they listened to him far better than last year; in short, the subject obviously carried much greater weight with it, and the effect of the speech last year on population was manifest, as indeed it has been ever since. * * * Lord Althorp proposed the amendment of adding 'conformably to the resolutions of 1823.' Then came the trial: they (privately) besought my father to give way, and not to press them to a division. 'They hated,' they said, 'dividing against him, when their hearts were all for him; it was merely a nominal difference, why should he split hairs? he was sure to be beaten, where was the use of bringing them all into difficulty, and making them vote against him?' He told us that he thought he had a hundred applications of this kind, in the course of the evening; in short, nearly every friend he had in the House came to him, and by all considerations of reason and friendship, besought him to give way. Mr. Evans was almost the only person who took the other side. I watched my father with indescribable anxiety, seeing the members, one after the other, come and sit down by him, and judging but too well from their gestures, what their errand was. One of them went to him four times, and at last sent up a note to him with these words, 'immovable as ever?' To my uncle Hoare, who was under the gallery, they went repeatedly, but with no success, for he would only send him a message to persevere. My uncle described to me one gentleman, not a member, who was near him, under the gallery, as having been in a high agitation all the evening, exclaiming, 'Oh, he won't stand! Oh, he'll yield! I'd give a hundred pounds, I'd give a thousand pounds, to have him divide! Noble! noble! What a noble fellow he is!' according to the various changes in the aspect of things. Among others, Mr. H—— came across to try his eloquence; 'Now don't be so obstinate; just put in this one word, 'interest'; it makes no real difference, and then all will be easy. You will only alienate the Government. * * * Now,' said he, 'I'll just tell Lord Althorp you have consented.' My father replied, 'I don't think I exaggerate when I say, I would rather your head were cut off, and mine too; I am sure I had rather your's were!' What a trial it was. He said afterwards, that he could compare it to nothing but a continual tooth drawing, the whole evening. At length he rose to reply, and very touchingly alluded to the effort he had to make, but said, he was bound in conscience to do it, and that he *would* divide the House. Accordingly the question was put. The Speaker said, 'I think the noes have it.' Never shall I forget the tone in which his solitary voice replied, 'No, sir.' 'The noes must go forth,' said the Speaker, and all the House appeared to troop out. Those within were counted, and amounted to ninety. This was a minority far beyond our expecta-

tions, and from fifty upwards, my heart beat higher at every number. I went round to the other side of the ventilator to see them coming in. How my heart fell, as they reached 88, 89, 90, 91, and the string still not at end; and it went on to 136. So Lord Althorp's amendment was carried. At 2 o'clock in the morning it was over, and for the first time my father came up to us in the ventilator. I soon saw that it was almost too sore a subject to touch upon; he was so wounded at having vexed all his friends. Mr. — would not speak to him after it was over, so angry was he; and for days after when my father came home, he used to mention, with real pain, somebody or other who would not return his bow. On Friday, Dr. Lushington came here and cheered him, saying, 'Well, that minority was a great victory;' and this does seem to be the case; but we hardly know how to forgive some of those who ought to have swelled its numbers.'—pp. 289—292.

Mr. Buxton was not long in reaping the reward of his decision. His motion was lost, but his cause triumphed. The influence of the ministry secured, for the day, a majority against him, but they knew full well that their advantage could not be maintained. The feeling out of doors was too intense to be trifled with, and its religious character,—whatever sneering and half-infidel politicians may allege to the contrary,—commanded attention, though it could not win their hearts. 'I saw T. B. Macaulay, yesterday,' writes Mr. Buxton, on the 27th of September.' He said, 'You know, how entirely everybody disapproved of your course in your motion, and thought you very wrong, very hard-hearted, and very headstrong; but two or three days after the debate, Lord Althorp said to me, *'that division of Buxton's has settled the slavery question.* If he can get ninety to vote with him when he is wrong, and when most of those really interested in the subject vote against him, he can command a *majority* when *he is right.* *The question is settled;* the government see it, and they will take it up.' The same decision marked his subsequent procedure. The government, however, still wavered, and at the eleventh hour attempted to play him false, till at length his inflexibility wrung from Lord Althorp the discreditable declaration, 'Well, if *you* will not yield, *we* must.' What followed is known. Little honor is due to the Whigs. They acted under compulsion and not willingly, though now they seek to plume themselves in the honors of emancipation.

Turning from this grave theme, our readers will be interested with the sketch given of a dinner party, at the brewery in Spital-fields, at which some of the most distinguished political characters of the day were present. Lord Grey and the Spanish General Alava were of the party, 'the former, the dignified, stiff, sedate, British nobleman of the old school; the latter, the

entertaining, entertained, and voluble foreigner.' The Lord Chancellor Brougham, says Mr. J. J. Gurney, 'was in high glee; he came in a shabby black coat, and very old hat; strangely different from the starred, gartered, and cocked-hat dignity of the venerable premier:—

'Something,' says Mr. Gurney, 'led us (Lord Brougham and myself) to talk about Paley, and I mentioned the story of his having on his death-bed, condemned his 'Moral Philosophy,' and declared his preference of the 'Horæ Paulinæ,' above all his other works. This led Brougham to speak of both those works. 'Did you ever hear that King George III. was requested by Mr. Pitt to make Paley a bishop? The King refused; and taking down the 'Moral Philosophy' from the shelf, he showed Pitt the passage in which he justifies subscription to articles not fully credited, on the ground of expediency. 'This,' said the King, 'is my reason for not making him a bishop.' Lord Grey overheard the Chancellor's story and confirmed it; 'but,' added the Chancellor, 'I believe the true reason why George III. refused to make Paley a bishop was, that he had compared the divine right of kings to the divine right of constables!' * * * * The Chancellor was very cordial, and we were all delighted with his entertaining rapidity of thought, ready wit, and evident good feeling. Nor was it possible to be otherwise than pleased with all our guests, with whom we parted, about eleven o'clock at night, after a flowing, exhilarating, and not altogether uninteresting day.'—p. 266.

Mr. Buxton mentions some further particulars, which are too illustrative of character to be omitted. After naming the parties present, in all, twenty-three, he says:—

'I first led them to the steam-engine; Brougham ascended the steps and commenced a lecture upon steam-power, and told many entertaining anecdotes; and when we left the engine, he went on lecturing as to the other parts of the machinery, so that Joseph Gurney said he understood brewing better than any person on the premises. I had Mr. Gow up with his accounts, to explain how much our horses each cost per annum; and Brougham entered into long calculations upon this subject. To describe the variety of his conversation is impossible—

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

'At dinner I gave but two toasts, 'The King,' and 'The memory of George III.,' whose birthday it was. We had no speeches, but conversation flowed, or rather roared like a torrent, at our end of the table. The Chancellor lost not a moment; he was always eating, drinking, talking, or laughing; his powers of laughing seemed on a level with his other capacities. . . .

'Talking of grace before dinner he said, 'I like the Dutch grace best, they sit perfectly still and quiet for a minute or two. I thought it very solemn.'

'He enquired the wages of the draymen. I told him about 45s.

weekly, and we allow them to provide substitutes for a day or two in the week, but we insist on their paying them at the rate of 26s. per week. 'Yes,' said he, 'I understand; these rich and beneficed gentry employ curates, and the curates of the draymen get about as much salary as those of the clergy.'

'After dinner we took them to the stables to see the horses. Somebody said, 'Now the Lord Chancellor will be at a loss; at all events he knows nothing about horses. However, fortune favoured him, for he selected one of the best of them and pointed out his merits. Some one proposed that he should get upon his back, and ride him round the yard, which he seemed very willing to do; and thus ends my history of the Lord Chancellor.'

'Lord Grey looked care-worn, but was remarkably cordial.'—p. 267.

We must indulge in another piece of pleasantry, which is specially interesting at the present moment, from the political prominence now given to a member of the family concerned. Writing to his daughter, February 14th, 1834, Mr. Buxton says:—

'We yesterday dined at Ham House to meet the Rothschilds; and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. 'There was not,' he said, 'room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself: he was quite the great man, and did us a favour if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday; I said to my father, 'I will go to England.' I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started; the nearer I got to England the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester, I laid out all my money, things were so cheap; and I made good profit. I soon found that there were three profits—the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, 'I will supply you with material and dye, and you supply me with manufactured goods.' So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made my £20,000 into £60,000. My success all turned on one maxim. I said, I can do what another man can, and so I am a match for the man with the patterns, and for all the rest of them! Another advantage I had. I was an offhand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India company had 800,000 lbs. of gold to sell. I went to the sale, and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The government sent for me, and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and I sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did.'

'Another maxim, on which he seemed to place great reliance, was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. 'I have seen,' said he, 'many clever men, very clever men, who had

not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well; but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?' By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions of money.

'I hope,' said —, 'that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that.' Rothschild.—'I am sure I should wish that. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of boldness, and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon. Stick to one business, young man,' said he to Edward; 'stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the Gazette. One of my neighbours is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine, close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear first, grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm. I am always in good humour. Sometimes to amuse myself I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes, it is very amusing.'

'The daughters are very pleasing. The second son is a mighty hunter; and his father lets him buy any horses he likes. He lately applied to the emperor of Morocco, for a first-rate Arab horse. The emperor sent him a magnificent one, but he died as he landed in England. The poor youth said very feelingly 'that was the greatest misfortune he ever had suffered;' and I felt strong sympathy with him. I forgot to say, that soon after M. Rothschild came to England, Bonaparte invaded Germany; 'The Prince of Hesse Cassel,' said Rothschild, 'gave my father his money; there was no time to be lost; he sent it to me. I had £600,000 arrive unexpectedly by the post; and I put it to such good use, that the prince made me a present of all his wine and his linen.'—pp. 343—345.

The discussions attendant on the Abolition Bill, elicited various opinions amongst the anti-slavery party. These respected, more especially, the compensation awarded to the planters, and the term of apprenticeship imposed on the negroes. Lord Stanley who had charge of the bill, was evidently indifferent, if not hostile to it, and did all in his power to thwart its noble object, and to render its example inoperative. Mr. Buxton felt this, though he differed from many of his warmest supporters in his view of the course to be pursued. They were opposed to any money grant, as involving a most vicious principle, and would have demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation. He, however, voted for the grant of £20,000,000, but

moved as an amendment that one half of the sum should be retained till the close of the apprenticeship. His amendment was of course lost, and the Bill received the royal assent on the 28th of August, 1833. We stop not to inquire which party was right in this matter. We have our opinion and it is a strong one, and when occasion demands shall be free to give it utterance. We simply remark in passing, that the same sin of omission with which the biographer is chargeable, in the case of the missionaries Knibb and Burchell, is committed in his brief reference to the 'Agency Committee,' on page 327; neither is the character of the relation sustained by that committee to the elder body clearly indicated. A candid examination of the points of difference between the two committees, whatever might be its influence on the reputation of individuals, would have elicited some important principles which are of permanent authority. But let this pass. We proceed with our narrative.

The apprenticeship system, it is well known, did not work well. It gave satisfaction to none, and was found, in practical operation, to be a source of annoyance and vexation. The conduct of the negroes had, indeed, been most exemplary. Never had a great experiment been conducted, so far as they were concerned, to so triumphant an issue. Their peaceable and orderly demeanor had belied the sinister predictions of the planters, and had even outstripped the expectations of their friends. With their task-masters, however, it was otherwise, and the English public were outraged from time to time, by reports of their vexatious and oppressive procedure. The whole system was based on a false and hollow principle, and was not, therefore, likely to prove satisfactory. The master was tempted to exceed his power, by the authority with which he was yet clothed, and the negro looked in vain for that full protection of his person, and reward of his labors, to which freemen are entitled. A movement was, therefore, originated against the apprenticeship, which Mr. Buxton deemed 'fruitless,' and adapted to injure, rather than to serve, the cause of the negro. Messrs. Sturge and Scoble visited some of the West Indian colonies, in order to collect evidence on the spot, and the work which they published at the end of 1837, filled to overflowing the cup of public indignation. A meeting of anti-slavery delegates was, in consequence, held in London in the commencement of 1838, and vigorous measures were resolved on. Mr. Buxton withheld his concurrence, and barely admitted the possibility of success. 'It seems just possible,' he says to one of his coadjutors, 'that the delegates may succeed, and if so, I am sure we shall both say, 'Thank God, that other people had

more courage and more discernment than ourselves!’’ This was written on the 12th of March, and on the 23d of the following May, he informs a correspondent, with honorable frankness :—

‘I must write a line to tell you that Sturge and that party, whom we thought all in the wrong, are proved to be all in the right. A resolution for the immediate abolition of the Apprenticeship was carried by a majority of three last night. The intelligence was received with such a shout by the Quakers, (myself among the number,) that we strangers were all turned out for rioting! I am right pleased.’—p. 428.

The closing statement of this letter will have prepared our readers for the information, that Mr. Buxton had ceased to be a member of the Commons’ House. He lost his seat at the general election of July, 1837, and on all personal considerations was evidently gratified by the result. His health had for some time been declining, and many of his friends seriously urged him not to offer himself again to the Weymouth constituency. He, however, nobly scrupled to adopt their counsel. ‘I don’t care a straw,’ he wrote to his uncle, ‘about the disgrace. If I am turned out, I cannot help it. I have done my best, and I shall be satisfied. But if I were to go out of my own accord, I think my conscience would reproach me.’ What he anticipated came to pass. Tory gold effected a party triumph, and Mr. Buxton, writing to Mr. J. J. Gurney, on the 30th of July, says, ‘I am reprieved from death, and emancipated from slavery; and both these blessings came under the favor of dismissal from Weymouth, on Tuesday last.’

We must pass over the subsequent events of his life. Its principal occurrence was the Niger expedition, a splendid conception, the offspring of a noble and generous nature. We are not yet in a condition accurately to estimate it. Future years may show that it was not the absolute failure which many suppose. We can say so the more freely, as from the first we doubted the feasibility and wisdom of the enterprize.

Mr. Buxton’s closing days were distinguished by the peace and hopes of genuine Christianity. He rested on the Rock of Ages, and looked forward to another world, with the ‘sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life.’ He was emphatically a good man, and his end was peace. Free alike from pharisaism and from dejection, he cherished a well-grounded confidence in the mediation of the Redeemer. ‘Christ,’ was his dying testimony, ‘is *most merciful, most merciful* to me. I do put my trust in him.’ On the 19th of February, 1845, his spirit passed to its reward, and his memory will ever be cherished by the philanthropic and the devout.

May our senate be increasingly distinguished by men of like temper, equally upright in purpose, of similar determination, and of repute equally unspotted. This is the great want of the age, to the supply of which the religious men of the empire should promptly and vigorously address themselves.

ART. II.—*Das Nibelungenlied. Uebersetzt von Karl Simrock.* (The Lay of the Nibelungen. Translated by K. Simrock.) Stuttgart.

LIKE all other nations, the ancient Germans were rich in traditions, or sagas, which had descended from generation to generation as historical facts. These were used by popular poets (scalds) even at a very early period, as the foundation for epic poems of greater or less extent, which were often collected, arranged, and combined, and at a subsequent period (during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries) remodelled by numerous poets, the so-called minnesingers, or love-minstrels, into creations of much higher pretension and far greater extent. On examining these Sagas, which are partly of Eastern Gothic-Lombardic, and partly Franconian-Burgundian and Northern origin, we find that they rest more or less on a mythical foundation. They were allied in the popular belief with a host of deities, and derived their nourishment from the inward or moral life of the people. The further we trace back the German saga, the more we find in it of those elements which pagans attribute to their divinities. The heroes mentioned partake largely of this character; and the uniformity of the grand intuitions expressed, is preserved solely in consequence of the circumstance, that the divinities, in the processes of time, become humanised, and the heroes deified. The result is a curious phenomenon, namely, the germination of heroic tradition along with traditions about the gods, so that, in the course of ages, the old stem of the fabulous sent forth new branches, derived largely from real life. Deeds of heroism, great changes of destiny, and whatever affected the human mind most powerfully on every new recollection, afforded constant food for the saga; and whatever existed at first in a loose and independent state, the saga gradually connected into a whole; a process, which resulted at one time from a similarity of events, and at another from the agreement and harmony existing between certain descriptions of persons and localities. At first these joinings were anything but accurate or nice; but the workmanship improved in the

course of time. In this manner sprang up the many so-called *Sagenkreise*—i. e., cycles of legends or traditions. But since the sagas continually assumed new forms, they naturally lost many of their original features; in fact, they became subject to extensive transformations, according to the character of the times. Hence, we witness the gradual separating from the saga of the wondrous and grotesque belonging to the ancient pagan belief. Heroic nature becomes the reflex of the civilization of a subsequent period, and descends with more confidence and familiarity to the human world, although at the expense of many of its more antique and poetical accompaniments.

That the German sagas which have descended to us, contain much of that which the ancient Germans brought with them from their Asiatic abode, is by no means improbable, although we are unable to prove it. It is altogether a matter of considerable difficulty, to point out with anything like precision the origin of this or that saga, inasmuch as every saga, no matter whether treating of historical incidents, or philosophical truths, floats, so to speak, but too vaguely on the breath of men, and ever retains something belonging to a preceding period, in spite of the many transformations which it may have undergone. There can be no doubt, that some of the peculiarities of the German Saga may be traced upwards to the earlier migrations of nations, much as those migrations may have tended to deprive them of their original character. In later times, the heroic natures of the ancient mythology became identified with historical personalities, and these personalities in their turn became connected with the superhuman, as they would not have been, had not history in their case been thus preceded by the fabulous. The introduction of Christianity, with its hostility to every form of polytheism, destroyed the remaining portion of the mythical element.

But, inasmuch as the German races inhabiting the north, (we here include the Scandinavian Germans,) adhered the longest to their ancient institutions and usages, and were the last that experienced the influence of what was Roman or Christian, the sagas circulating among them, have preserved the strongest traces of antiquity. They still contain much of what relates to the demi-gods of the ancient German popular belief, as, for example, the notion concerning the celebrated blacksmith, *Wiolant* or *Völundr*, who had intercourse with Walkyres and Swanvirgins, (certain Scandinavian deities, a sort of Howris, such as attended on the ancient warriors that had fallen on the battle-field, in the Valhalla, the Northern Pantheon.*

* See also Frauer's 'Walkyrien der Skandinavisch-germanischen Gotter- und Heldensage.' Weimar.

A mythical origin may also be traced in the saga of 'Beowulf,' the leader of the angels, who combats certain monsters, the foes of men, in one of which encounters he at last meets with his death. Traces of a connection between the world of gods and that of spirits, may be discovered likewise in the *Siegfried-Sivrit-Sigurd*, or *Völsungasaga*, the one most known and commented upon; the hero of which is the same with the one of the *Nibelungen-Lied*. We shall, therefore, dwell for the present upon this and the *Vilkinasaga*, since both have a direct bearing upon the poem under notice, and are requisite for a right understanding of it.

The birthplace of the *Völsungasaga* has given rise to much learned dispute among many of the most eminent German writers, some of whom are inclined to derive it from the primeval abode of the ancient Germans in Asia, or at all events to ascribe the priority of its possession to the Scandinavians, and not to the southern Germans, as some have supposed. Most of them, however, (northern Savans among the rest,) decide for the German origin of it. But considering the frequent intercourse which existed between the German nations of the north, we may fairly assume that this saga was even at an early period a property common to all, although each nation transformed it according to its peculiar notions and habits. Hence, in the Scandinavian north, where man resembled the rudeness and dreariness of the scenery around him, where the monotony of life amidst the impulses and mighty pressure from within, forced the imagination beyond the limits of reality, men preserved with the utmost fidelity whatever was superhuman and gigantic; whereas the German inhabiting the southern regions, confined himself to the light of history and geography, in fact, to absolute reality.

To judge of this saga by the localities therein mentioned, we incline to think that it originated in regions bordering on the lower Rhine, which were subsequently inhabited by Franconians, and where ere long Friselanders as well as Saxons took up their abode, a circumstance, which may have contributed to an early intercourse with the Scandinavians. Franconian, therefore, in the strict sense of the word, the saga cannot be called, especially as the Franconian race displayed the least poetical sense of all; a fact, which fully explains the want of Franconian sagas.

The *Völsungasaga*, as it at present exists, relates among the rest, with accuracy and minuteness, the legend of the *Nibelungenhort*, i.e. the treasure of the Nibelungen, which causes the tragic catastrophe related in the poem, and which is this. *Loki*, a cunning god, who performs a conspicuous part in the ancient

German and Northern mythology, robs a dwarf named *Andvari*, of his gold, together with a ring, which has the power to render its possessor master of immense treasures. In consequence of this, the dwarf lays the curse of a violent death upon every one who should henceforth wear this ring; a circumstance, which explains the hereditary fate which befalls all who become the owners of the luckless ornament. This treasure comes, ere long, into the hands of *Fafnir*, as an indemnification for the loss of his brother, whom *Loki* has killed. *Fafnir*, in order to guard it with more safety, assumes the form of a 'Lindwurm,' i. e. a dragon. This, however, avails him very little; for he is soon after killed by *Sigurd*, (the Siegfried of our poem,) who has a mighty sword, forged for that purpose by *Reigin* or *Regina*, a brother of *Fafnir*. *Sigurd*, as a matter of course, now takes the treasure to himself; and having wetted his fingers with the hot blood of the dragon, he is all at once enabled to understand the language of the birds, one of which advises him to go to *Brünhild*, who is Walkyre. He finds her at her castle, which stands in the midst of a lake of fire, where she had been sunk in a magic sleep; and having roused her from her trance, he remains at the castle for some time, during which she makes the discovery that he is a man who knows naught of fear, and is therefore the only one whom she deems worthy of becoming her spouse. In this way they become man and wife.

The combination of the saga of *Sigurd*, with that of the Burgundians as contained in the poem, is likewise given in the *Völsungasaga*, although under a somewhat different form. Here the three kings of the Rhine are called *Gunnar*, *Hogni* (the *Günther* and *Hagen* of the poem) and *Gudorm*; their sister is called *Gudrun*. *Chriemhild*, or *Grimhild*, is here the name of the mother, who is called *Ute* in the *Nibelungenlied*; but even as the mother (in the poem before us it is the daughter) *Grimhild* becomes the immediate cause of all the mischief and evil which befall their house. For, by means of a philter, she causes *Sigurd* to forget *Brunhild*, and marry *Gudrun*, laying thus the foundation of a jealousy, which ends with the destruction of the hero and the Burgundians. The subsequent wooing of *Brunhild* by *Gunnar*; the aid rendered him on this occasion by *Sigurd*; the quarrel of both queens, and as the consequence, the murder of *Sigurd*,—all this betrays a close similarity with the narration of the *Nibelungenlied*; yet, all is more grand in its conception, and more fanciful in its representation. It is remarkable, however, that *Hogni* here shows himself as the more noble hero, who dissuades from the murder. After the death of *Sigurd*, *Brunhild* commits suicide. *Gudrun* is induced to a reconciliation with the murderers of her husband, and to a marriage with

Atli, (the *Etzel* of the poem) by means of a philter. The invitation to the Court of the Huns, here proceeds from *Atli* himself, who cherishes the treacherous design of appropriating to himself the treasure of *Sigurd*; he orders himself the combat with the Kings of Burgundy. His spouse, who, in this respect, is unlike the *Chriemhild* of the *Nibelungenlied*, espouses the cause of her brothers, and fights in their ranks. But the powers are too unequal; those from the Rhine are beaten, *Gunnar* and *Hogni* excepted. As *Atli* requires of *Gunnar* to tell him the place where the treasure is to be found, the latter cunningly demands that they should bring him first the heart of his brother *Hogni*, which being done, *Gunnar* answers like *Hogni* in the *Nibelungenlied*: 'Except myself no one knows the treasure; but ye shall never have it.' The consequence is, that this 'chosen knight' is thrown into the serpents' pit, where an adder buries itself in his heart, and thereby causes his death. *Gudrun*, however, avenges her brothers in a terrible manner. She destroys her own and *Atli*'s children, and makes the king eat their roasted hearts, and drink their blood. *Atli*, hereupon orders her to be slain by the hand of *Niflung*, the son of *Hogni*. Thus far the *Völsungasaga*.

As for the *Vilkinasaga*, this is still more closely related to the *Nibelungenlied*. The commencement of it is nothing else than the history of the celebrated *Genoveva*, who is here called *Sisilia*, and is the wife of *Siegmund*, and mother of *Sigurd*. The smith, with whom the youthful hero is to serve his apprenticeship, has here the well-known name of *Mimer*. In this saga there appears *Dietrich of Bern*, the hero, who performs so conspicuous a part in the *Nibelungenlied*, and who is as yet unknown to the *Völsungasaga*; he contends with *Sigurd*, whom he vanquishes. The names of the three kings and their sister are those of the *Nibelungenlied*; only *Hogni* acts here as a fourth brother of theirs. Their castle, too, is called *Vermza*, i. e. Worms, and almost in imitation of our poem, the following narratives are related in all their details. There appears here, moreover, the Margrave *Rodingeir* (the *Rüdiger* of the poem), who lives at the castle called *Bechlaren*, the name of which is here given as *Bakalar*. *Attila* is mentioned as the king of *Susat*, which is, perhaps, the *Soëst* of Westphalia; and yet the Rhenish kings, strange to say, have to pass through the land of *Rodingeir* on their way to the court of *Attila*. Such contradictions are not uncommon in ancient popular sagas. The confounding of the people on the Rhine with the *Niflungen*, who only get into the power of *Gunnar* through and with the treasure, appears, likewise, for the first time in the *Vilkinasaga*. *Chriemhild* has here the same terrible character of the implacable enemy of her

brothers, which is assigned to her in the *Nibelungenlied*, and in consequence is killed by the hand of *Dietrich of Bern*.

All this would lead us to suppose, that this poem is of the same origin with the *Vilkinasaga*, which like many other sagas spread from mouth to mouth, resounded on festive occasions, and contributed frequently to the enjoyment of festive moments. Poets by profession were at that time as yet unknown; whoever knew an ancient heroic tale, etc., which was fit for song or play, felt called upon to sing that which was already known to his hearers, and which they longed to hear over again. In this manner, sprung up from the soil of the people, if we may use the expression, with exuberant creative power, that grove of heroic lays, which was ever blooming and unceasingly increasing in richness and power.

After the foregoing remarks on a few of the Sagas connected with the *Nibelungenlied*, we may proceed to an examination of the 'Lied' itself, which has been investigated and commented upon, with more or less success, by some of the greatest German and foreign writers of the day; premising, however, that in expressing our opinion on the merits of this production, we shall endeavour to treat of its origin, subject, and æsthetical worth.

Like the *Iliad* of Homer, this Epos, which is not improperly called the *German Iliad*, is supposed to be a combination or compilation of various poetical compositions, belonging to various poets and periods. These compositions of Longobardo-Gothic and Franconian-Burgundian origin, are—*Siegfried und Brunhild*; the Destruction of the *Burgundians*, or *Nibelungen* by the Huns under *Etzel* or *Attila*, king of the Huns: and, finally, *Dietrich of Bern*, that is, *Theodoric of Verona*, the celebrated king of the Eastern Goths, or Austrogoths. The two last-mentioned are founded on historical facts, which, circulating among the people, very soon assumed the form of mighty poetical creations; the composition of *Siegfried* and *Brünhild*, on the other hand, is founded on a saga which belongs to the most ancient period of the German race; perhaps to those times when the Germans, Greeks, and Indians, united by one and the same tie of relationship, lived in the table-lands or elevated plains of Asia. It is for this reason that this saga is found by all the nations of the so-called Caucasian race, although in a different state of developement. There are, no doubt, many other sources from which the *Nibelungenlied* has flowed; but, although their traces are as yet perceptible, they have, nevertheless, dried up in the rude desert of ages. All these, for the most part non-contemporary productions, are here brought to play as if they belonged to one and the same period, and as if the place of action was one only. And

still it must be confessed that the whole has been effected with considerable skill. There is a poetical fullness and force, if we may so speak, in the delineation and illumination of each adventure; the developement of the characters, based as they are on ethical motives, in consequence of which, action briskly follows action, without being in any way interrupted, as with the Greeks and Romans by episodes, etc., until the whole becomes concentrated in the tragical catastrophe, is so consequent and poet-like, and the simple grandeur of the ancient heroic tradition, moreover, so overpowering, that we are startled by it, as well as pleased.

According to *Lachmann* the *Nibelungenlied* seems to have received its present form about the year 1210. And, although the name of the compiler is unknown; yet we are led to suppose from internal evidence, that it was *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, the lovely *Minnesinger*. One thing, however, is beyond doubt, namely, that this poem as we now find it, has been compiled by one hand only. There are various manuscripts of it, which are chiefly to be found in the southern parts of Germany, and of which, did our space permit, we would give a catalogue.

The main substance of this Epos is the Destruction of the Burgundians, or *Nibelungen*, caused by *Chriemhild*, the fair princess, in consequence of the murder of *Siegfried*, her consort, both of whom form the chief *dramatis personæ* of the poem. It is for this reason that it is called, in some manuscripts, after her name. The whole is divided into three parts. The first embraces the events that take place up to the death of *Siegfried*. The second, the terrible revenge of *Chriemhild*, including at the same time the period of her widowhood, during which she planned this awful punishment, the 'Hochgezielt,' or high-tide, given to her adversaries at the court of King *Etzel*; and finally, the conflict which takes place between the Burgundians and the Huns, which forms the catastrophe of the *Nibelungenlied*. Throughout the whole, Christianity remains in the back ground; and wherever it does appear, though always very dimly, it belongs to the poet and compiler, but not to the subject. The third and concluding part is the 'Klage,' or Lamentation, which being of later date, and differing in form as well as spirit, although treating of the same subject, is a kind of epilogue, or *resumée*, and is in some measure of importance, for a right understanding of the two former parts.

Subdivided, this poem consists of 39 Adventures, or *Aventiuren* (as the original hath it), in 9,836 verses, or 2,459 strophes of four lines each.

With regard to the metre of this Epos, it may be said, that there prevails in general the rule according to which the Arses

only count. These may follow each other in quick succession, as in *mîn sun Sîfrit* (727, 4); but they may also be separated every time by a thesis, and by one only; as for example, *ist ieman báz enpfángén* (730, 1). The arsis before or at the commencement of every verse, or even the half of each verse, admits, nevertheless, of from two to three theses; as for example, *si gedáhten zweier réckén*, etc. (841, 2). To speak in the language of poets, its metrical form is the *iambic* and *trochaic* strophe of four lines, in male pairs of rhymes with six principal accents, and *spondaic*, *anapaestic*, and *dactylic* rhythms.

Let us now examine the Adventures, and, as much as circumstances will admit of, separately.

In the first *Aventiure* the poet conducts us to Worms, on the Rhine, where there dwell the Burgundian kings, *Gunther*, *Gernot* and *Giselher*, who are the sons of *Dankrat*, late king of Worms. But with them lives also their mother, dame *Ute*, the royal widow, and their sister, the fair *Chriemhild*—

‘The lovely maiden, beauty-crowned, who well might seek to mate
With the bravest, stoutest hero; no one did her hate.
Her noble form unboundedly with beauty was bedight,
And her virtues unto any maid would have lent a holy light.’*

Together with these personages the poet introduces to us several heroes, who are subject to them, as for example, *Troneg von Hagen*, his brother *Dankwart*, *Ortwein* of Metz, the Margraves *Eckewart* and *Gere*, *Volker*, and other worthies. But even at the very outset, the singer causes us to forebode the tragical end of the chief actors in the drama, for *Chriemhild*, ‘the world’s wonder,’ dreams one night that she reared a wild falcon, which two eagles snatched away from her; that she was forced to see this, than which greater sorrow could never befall her in this world. This dream her mother interprets, saying:—

‘The falcon, which thou rearest, is a man noble to see,
If unshielded by God, he will soon be lost to thee.’

To this *Chriemhild* replies, that she has no wish to know either man or love, and therefore decides for the state of ‘single blessedness.’ Dame *Ute*, however, knowing something of human nature, advises her not to be too determined, for ‘if ever she have heartfelt joy on earth, it will be from man’s love; and she shall be a fair wife, when God sends her a right worthy Ritter.’

* The translations given from the poem, in the course of this article, are original and free.

Chriemhild, however, persists in her determined course, so that henceforth—

‘Guarded by her virtues high, which she fostered with care,
The noble maiden through many a day did live,
Unknowing man, to whom herself, she, body and soul, would give.’

‘But with the powers of destiny,’ as the inimitable Schiller says, ‘no lasting compact there can be;’ and the coy, proud, and fair princess, had, like every other mortal, to yield to fate, and become the wife of the very falcon she formerly dreamed of, and who was no other person than the noble, gay, and stalwart *Siegfried*, to whom we are introduced in the second *Aventiure*. He is the son of king *Siegemund*, and *Sieglinde* his queen, who dwelt at *Santen*, or *Xanten*, a castle on the Rhine, and where King *Siegemund* held his court. Little is said at first concerning his prowess and heroic deeds, because we are first of all to become acquainted with his personal beauty and gentle disposition, which won the heart of all men.

In consequence of his happy return from the adventurous trips (of which more anon), wherein he achieved the most daring exploits, King *Siegemund* gives a ‘*Hockgezit*’ (high-tide), when joustings, minstrelsy, and other warlike sports take place; all of which the poet describes in glowing colours, introducing us in an admirable manner to the iron age of those uncouth heroes, who flourished soon after Central Asia sent its hordes northward. In the course of his description he says:—

‘And finding many steeds that saddled there did wait,
They ran into King *Siegemund*’s court. The buhurt* was so great,
That the hall and palace loudly rang with the tumultuous noise;
The high-minded blades did, one and all, most mightily rejoice.
Full many a thrust was heard from young and old men’s hands,
And wildly did the welkin ring with the din of crashing brands:
Spear-splinters wending to the palace from the heroic fight
Were seen; and all this was achieved with high chivalric might.
The host now craved that this might cease; the steeds were ta’en away,
Many a stalwart frame was shaken seen on that joyous day:
The glory of the burnished shield, full many a precious stone,
Now scattered on the grass did lie; with thrusting this was done.’

But things cannot go on for ever in this way; for there is a time for everything, tilting and feasting not excepted. Hence, in the third *Aventiure*, our hero sets out on a journey to Worms. He has heard of the surpassing beauty of *Chriemhild*, and would fain become her successful suitor. In vain do his

* Jousting in large masses.

parents represent the danger of his enterprise, and the pride of the Burgundian princes. *Siegfried*, nothing dismayed, is not to be dissuaded from his purpose, and is as sturdy and resolved as men generally are under similar circumstances :—

‘ ‘What scathe to us from this can hap?’ was Siegfried’s daring strain ;
 ‘Whate’er in friendship and in peace I may not there obtain,
 Against opposing danger I’ll win with this strong hand ;
 I venture to obtain by force both men and goodly land.’ ’

To deal with such a spirit was no easy matter. So when his aged parents saw that he would not even listen to their wise counsel to take a trusty and goodly body-guard with him, they gave way with a bad grace, and proceeded to equip him and the twelve ‘Recken,’ or heroes, who constituted his whole force. This equipping and making of clothes, we may observe by the way, is connected with every expedition and enterprise mentioned in the poem. When all is ready—and very brilliant and costly the whole is—well equipped and accompanied by his men, *Siegfried* sets out accordingly, and arrives at his place of destination on the break of the seventh day. King *Gunther*, on seeing the strangers enter the court-yard, was sore amazed, and inquired who they might be, and whence they came. Sir *Hagen*, who was near his royal kinsman, immediately proclaimed the chief of them to be the hero *Siegfried*, although he knew the hero by report only. He forthwith related the marvellous deeds which the illustrious visitor had achieved, and the king ordered the guests to be admitted.

The salutations prescribed by the courtly etiquette being over, *Siegfried*’s conduct and language were such as befitted his character and times. Having heard, he said, of the valour of the kings and their men in these parts, he had come to try his strength and skill on them, and to do his best ‘to deprive them of their lands and strongholds.’ Here was language fit for the ears of princes, uttered too, by a person, whose whole strength consisted of twelve adventurers like himself! The reader, therefore, may easily imagine how this modest announcement was received by the Burgundians, who, in a towering passion at the style of this address, uproariously called for swords, shields, and spears. The gentle *Gernot*, however, remembering all that *Hagen* had related concerning *Siegfried*’s valour and intrepid spirit, endeavours to adjust the matter in an amicable manner; and as our hero regrets his precipitancy, and begins to think of fair *Chriemhild*, the sole object of his tedious journey, he too becomes more amicable. In the end, he and his men are entertained with much cordiality and friendship. Ere long he becomes a great favourite; and in his knightly exercises, as well

as at the court-festivals, and in the society of fair dames, he is greatly admired. Yet, *Chriemhild*, the image ever present to his mind, is the only person whom he has not yet seen.

Siegfried having now lived a year in the land of King *Gunther*, during which period he never so much as hinted at his errand, it happened about this time that *Liudegar*, king of the Saxons, and *Liudegast*, that of the Danes, declared war on the Burgundians. *Siegfried*, ever ready to display his prowess, and most willing to aid his royal host, took the field at the head of the king's men. And having beaten the army of King *Liudegast*, and made him prisoner, he set out to meet the Saxons, who fared no better :—

' Scattered then by Siegfried's arm, shield-buckles flew about ;
The hero of the Netherlands over the Saxons stout
Alone did victory seek. Huzza ! the bold knight rent,
Full many a bright circlet, which was in ruin blent.

' Sir Liudegar a painted crown upon a shield did see,
Which by Siegfried's stalwart arm was borne most lustily :
He then did know right well it was the mighty man,
And loudly on his friends to call the hero then began.

' ' I charge ye, all my men so true, abstain ye from the fray,
For in the battle Siegemund's son I have espied to-day ;
Siegfried, the mighty, I have found amid the armed band ;
The evil fiend hath sent him here to this fair Saxon land !'

' He bade them stay the combat, he then demanded peace,
And bade them strike the colours that the fray might sooner cease :
Yet had he, of King Gunther, the hostage to be held,
To this, by Siegfried's mighty arm, he was by force compelled.'

The campaign thus gloriously terminated, the conquerors, headed by our hero, returned home, their approach being announced by messengers. At this news the noble *Chriemhild* greatly rejoices :—

' Unto her face so beauteous the blushing crimson ran,
Because the mighty hero—Siegfried, the dauntless man,
Had happily returned again all scatheless from the fight ;
She likewise joyed her friends to see, which was but meet and right.'

The heroes thus returned, were heartily welcomed by King *Gunther*. They were, moreover, richly rewarded for their good services, and obtained full permission to return to their homes, if they chose so to do, and dwell there for the space of six weeks ; at the expiration of which they were to come back again, because it was the wish of the king to give a great ' Hockgezit' in honour of the stalwart men that had taken part in the last campaign :—

When the heroes met at the banquet, which was attended, the poet tells us, by kings, princes, and other mighty personages:—

‘The hero Ortwein then spake the king, and to him thus did say:
‘If the host at this high banquet in honour thou would’st play,
Then must thou let thy guests the lovely maidens see,
Who in high honour here do dwell in the land of Burgundie.

‘What is there to delight man’s heart, and banish all his care,
Unless it be good, comely dames, and virgins chaste and fair?
Bid then thy lovely sister before thy guests appear.’
These words to many a hero’s heart most truly welcome were.

‘Thy counsel I shall surely take,’ spake Gunther; and all they
Who heard him speak, delighted were with what the king did say.
Dame Ute he commanded that with her daughter dear,
And all their fair attendants should at the court appear.

* * * *

‘And forward came the lovely one, as doth the morning sun
Beam out in lustrous majesty from clouds so dark and dun:
From cares long harboured in his breast many a hero now was free,
For in her glory and her grace the fair one he did see.

* * * *

‘Like the bright moon, which star-begirt, from her ebon throne on high,
Suffuses her mild lucency all downward from the sky,
Like unto her amid her maids the lovely maiden stood;
This raised indeed the courage high of many a hero good.

‘Rich chamberlains preceded her in long extended train,
Nor was there blade that idle would at distance far remain;
To mark her lovely features they all did eager throng:
In cheerful and yet gloomy mood Sir Siegfried paced along.

‘The hero thought within himself, ‘Thy holy love to gain,
What course must I pursue?—this foolish is and vain—
Should I unkenned by thee remain, I rather would be dead.’
Reflections such as these did make him pale and red.

‘The offspring of Queen Siegelind stood there so lovingly,
As though he had been painted on the purest ivory
By a skilful limner’s hand; then all men witness bore,
That hero beautiful as he had never been before.

‘Those who the women did escort in lofty voices bade
Room everywhere for them to make; and every knight obeyed:
And dames of the most noble blood, gladdened the heart and eye:
And chastely and right modestly fair women did pass by.

‘Sir Gernot then, of Burgundie, unto the king did say,
‘Gunther, dearest brother, he who hath served thee many a day
Right well and truly—him thou must thus and not elsewhere treat,
In the presence of the assembled blades:—this counsel is most meet.

‘ ‘Thou must the gallant Siegfried bid unto my sister hie,
That the maiden him may greet: much shall we gain thereby;
She who never yet has greeted man, must him greet in kindly strain,
So that the graceful blade thereby for ever we may gain.’

* * * *

‘ Sir Siegfried then to join the court did willingly depart,
Because of this kind bidding he was truly glad at heart;
And he rejoiced much to see Dame Ute’s daughter sweet;
With virtuous and loving grace she did the hero greet.

* * * *

‘ Whether her fairest hand by his was pressed all fervently,
Betokening a hearty love—this is not known to me:
And yet that this was *not* the case, I do not dare surmise;
Two hearts like theirs, replete with love, could scarce act otherwise.

‘ Neither in the summer hot, nor in the fair May-days,
Was there any need for him to hide from public gaze:
The many lofty pleasures which then on him thronged,
Since arm-in-arm with her he walked, for whom his spirit longed.

* * * *

‘ Unto the minster she did go, followed by many a maid;
In glory proud the youthful form of the princess was arrayed,
That many a high and hearty wish all vainly then was told.
She had been born to glad the eye of many a hero bold.

‘ Until the chaunt was ended Siegfried was loath to wait,
He might well be thankful to the stars that kindly swayed his fate;
That she whom in his heart he bore, did truly love the knight;
But he did also love her too, as was his bounden right.

‘ When that the mass was ended, she stood the minster’s gate before,
That valiant man requested was to join the maid once more:
Then was it that she first began to thank him for the might,
Which he beyond all other men had shewed in the fight.

‘ ‘May God reward ye, Sir Siegfried,’ that noble child did say,
For, that all brave men should love ye well, ye have deserved to-day,
And be in troth attached to you, as that they are, I hear.’
On Chriemhild now he fixed his eye, replete with love most dear.

‘ ‘I shall never cease to serve them,’ spoke Siegfried the blade,
‘ And never unto soothing rest will I lay down my head,
Until I shall have gained their wish; while life is mine, I swear,
At thy dear service it shall be, O Chriemhild, lady fair!’

‘ During twelve days ceaselessly the high and noble maid,
Stood day by day untiringly at the right hand of the blade:
As oft as to her friends at court the lady had to fare;
This service she did render him from love and loving care.’

The high-tide being over, and the guests, after being presented with rich and costly gifts, having departed, *Siegfried* too,

wished to return home. But *Giselher*, King *Gunther's* brother, entreated him to remain :—

‘ All for her matchless beauty the hero there did stay,
And in full many a pastime blithe the moments flew away,
Under her love's sway, which was the cause of sorrow deep and great,
Which made the lofty hero bow to a melancholy fate.’

And now commences the solution of the whole, with which we are made acquainted in the sixth *Aventiure*, in which the reader is transferred from the fair lands of the Burgundians on the cheerful Rhine, to a northern and bleak country, called *Isenland* or *Island*, over which ruled a fair but most extraordinary personage, the Princess *Brunihild*. This formidable lady, King *Gunther* feels strongly disposed to woo. But when *Siegfried*, who happens to know this lady, hears of the king's intentions, he strongly advises him to abstain from his perilous attempt. The king, however, who is too much attached to this terrible woman, would not give ear to any advice, but carry his point, *malgrè bongrè*.

We have said that *Siegfried* happened to know the gigantic Venus, of *Isenland*. It will not be deemed improper, therefore, if we here recapitulate what has been said elsewhere concerning the manner in which he became acquainted with her.

After having killed the blacksmith, *Mimer's* brother, *Regino*, better known as the Dragon, *Siegfried* set out in search of new adventures, in the course of which, he reached the far distant country, *Isenland*, where there ruled the fair, but proud and powerful Queen *Brunihild* or *Brunhild*, who dwelt in a castle that stood in the midst of a lake of fire. Here, tradition says, *Siegfried* threw down the seven ponderous gates which admitted to its interior, and as if in defiance of the owner, he is said to have ridden off with her favourite steed *Gana*, or *Grani*, whence his cognomen, *horse-subduer*. That *Brunihild* was no idle spectator may be easily imagined. But what could the amazon do? Invincible as she was, what chance was there for subduing one who was invulnerable, and notoriously the stoutest and most valiant of men? And yet, that they must have come to an encounter, and that something of an unfriendly character occurred between them, is evident from the manner in which he was received and treated by her, at a subsequent period, as will be seen presently.

The uncle of our *amoroso*, *Troneg von Hagen*, now advises King *Gunther* to solicit the assistance of *Siegfried*, to which the latter readily consents, provided *Gunther* would give him his sister, *Chriemhild*, in marriage. This material point being conceded, our hero undertakes the sole management of the affair, and proposes that the party should consist of as few per-

sons as possible, and that the only attendants of the king should be himself, *Hagen*, and *Dankwart*, his brother, 'der vil snelle,' and that he (*Siegfried*), although the son of a king, should be treated for the time by the rest of them as one of the followers of King *Gunther*. This proposal, well meant as it was, on the part of *Siegfried*, gives rise at a later period to a world of misconceptions and troubles, which ultimately lead to the most melancholy consequences.

This arranged, the clothing and equipment forms next the point for consideration. Waited upon, therefore, by the travellers, *Chriemhild* is consulted on this momentous matter. Lovely beyond measure, we are told, was the graceful virgin as she received the heroes, and only in a few touches do we find described, how the lovers exchanged tender glances, and the happiness they experienced on beholding each other. Of *Siegfried*, in particular, it is said: 'He bore her in his heart, as the soul of his body,' and that many tears were shed as he afterwards took leave of her. The result of this consultation was a mighty fitting out, and the setting to work of thirty of *Chriemhild's* best needle-women, a process, which lasted no less than seven weeks, at the expiration of which, each of the adventurers obtained three suits of clothes of surpassing workmanship, and made of the most costly materials.

The poet now quickly passes from these points, and leads us rapidly along the Rhine to the castle of *Isenstein*, the home of the haughty *Brunhild*, which brings us to the seventh adventure, wherein we are told how she received the heroes, and how *Siegfried*, who is treated by her with much coldness, woos her in the form of king *Gunther*, by virtue of his 'Tarnkappe,' the magic garment above alluded to, which renders him invisible, and endows him with the strength of twelve men; how the perilous and deadly war-like games commence, and king *Gunther*, by the aid of *Siegfried*, obtains a complete victory over the heroine, the result of which is, her surrender to him. However, on assembling her men, to make them acquainted with the issue of the trial, but more especially on her gathering an army of warriors fit to accompany her to her new home, our Burgundian heroes begin 'to show the white feather,' because they are apprehensive of some treacherous design; but *Siegfried*, nothing dismayed, knows how to act even in this emergency, and promises them the aid of chosen heroes. To this end, clad in his 'Tarnkappe,' he sets out for the land of the Nibelungen, where he requires his faithful Elf *Alberich* to supply him with thirty hundred heroes, from the midst of whom he chooses an army of one thousand men, whom he equips richly and most magnificently by means of his endless treasure. With this army he now hastens back

to the castle of Isenstein, and accompanies thence king Gunther and his bride to Worms. Here the double marriage takes place, and the result of this happy occasion are great banquets and rejoicings. As for Queen Brunhild, this lady still continues to treat Siegfried with great coldness and disregard, and even looks upon him with an ill will, so as to make it appear as though she sought for an occasion to commence strife. But what adds to the flame already blazing up, is her unseemly wish to know why Chriemhild, herself a princess, had married a vassal in the person of Siegfried,—for in this light, as the reader knows, our hero had appeared at her court, that he might the better assist King Gunther in obtaining a victory and a wife. Gunther, however, was not taken unawares, but explains to her, that Siegfried is a king, or at least a prince, and the heir apparent to the crown of the Netherlands. This explanation fails to prove satisfactory, and only makes bad worse. For, she now begins to suspect her partner, who she thinks is bent on misleading her—a circumstance which greatly contributes to mar the happiness and enjoyment of the guests. Nor did the matter rest here. For, when this termagant saw that she could not attain her end in a friendly way, she had recourse to means for extorting the ‘true facts’ of the case, such as would not be approved of now-a-days by men in general, and by newly-married ones in particular. Considering her husband stubborn and intractable, this lady bound him during the wedding-night by means of her girdle, hand and foot, and hung him on a nail in the wall, at a considerable distance from the ground. What a predicament for a newly-married man—a king, too—to be in! and in his own house, too! It were impossible to describe the feelings that pierced poor Gunther’s heart, as he found himself in this *elevated* position, without having the means to remedy it. Awaiting patiently, therefore, the approach of the morn, he bore the evil as well as he could, or as men generally do under the sway of similar spirits. When released, he relates to Siegfried what had occurred; and how he had been dealt with by her whom, ‘in an evil hour, he had brought to his house.’ Siegfried promises his aid in taming this ‘evil fiend,’ the result of which is a severe struggle between him and Brunhild on the following night, when the latter is over-awed at the immense power of her (supposed) husband. As a reward for his trouble, Siegfried takes her girdle and ring, which he presents to his lovely wife, little suspecting that they would involve a generation in ruin. The guest having departed, Siegemund’s son said, ‘We, too, for a return to our countrie must prepare,’ which pleased his lady much. We are, therefore, now left to follow the newly-wedded pair to the home of the young husband. Here, the old king gives up the

crown and empire, and Chriemhild ere long confers on him the enviable title of father. One thing only casts a gloom over the otherwise serene domestic felicity of Siegfried, and this is the death of Siegelinde, his royal mother. However, he was not suffered long to enjoy his domestic bliss ; for troubles of a very gloomy nature awaited him.

Several years having passed since Siegfried left Worms, Brunhild one day reflected that he had for a long while paid her husband no service, and is determined that he should do so, cost what it may. This revolting feature in the character of this woman, who evidently meditates the destruction of our hero, is somewhat softened by the skill and delicacy with which the poet hints at a secret and unhallowed passion of Brunhild for this flower of knighthood, which is expressly mentioned in the eleventh *Aventiure*, where it is said:—

‘ There on the Rhine (so legends run) in Burgundie the fair,
Brunhilda, too, the beauteous one, a princely son did bear
To King Gunther, the rich—*Siegfried* she did him name,
From love unto the hero of high renown and fame.’

This woman rests not until King Gunther has invited Siegfried and his queen to a ‘Hockgezit,’ to be given in their honour, at Worms, in order thus to enforce his duty. The invitation is accepted; and thither our loving couple come, accompanied by King Siegemund, and a magnificent retinue of one thousand Nibelungen heroes, and the followers of the king of the Netherlands.

Arrived in this place, Brunhild’s ire is soon kindled, and the old question, why Chriemhild, herself a princess, had been married to a vassal? is broached once more. As she will not suffer precedence to be given to Chriemhild on her churching, an altercation takes place between the two queens, in the course of which Chriemhild asserts that her consort was not only a king, and the companion of Gunther, but that he was a paragon, and the most pre-eminent of men. This the other denies point blank, and maintains his being a vassal, because she has seen him with her own eyes hold the stirrup of King Gunther, as he mounted on the beach, on his first visit to her at the castle of Isenstein,—nay, that he himself confessed it at that time. Chriemhild, indignant at the ‘story,’ declines any further conversation on the subject; but not so the lady of King Gunther. The consequence of which is a quarrel, such as does not often take place between crowned heads. Chriemhild forthwith dresses her maidens in regal apparel; and, attended by them and the brilliant army of her husband and her father-in-law, she sets out for the minster, to hear mass, proving thus, *de facto*, her being a queen.

In front of the sacred building she is overtaken by Brunhild, who bids her stop, and follow her, as 'behoves the wife of her consort's vassal,' an injunction which meets with a scornful laughter on the part of Chriemhild; and, as the latter is thus publicly insulted, and, therefore, greatly excited, she now turns round upon her adversary, telling her in the plainest terms, that she was inferior to her (Chriemhild) not only in rank, but even in point of womanly virtues, accusing her at the same time of concubinage with her own Friedel (Siegfried), in corroboration of which she produces the ring and the girdle, which were presented to her once by the latter, and even suffers the secret to escape which he then confided to her,—that he, and not Gunther, had obtained the victory over her in that memorable night. At this news, but more especially at the sight of her property, Brunhild burst into tears, and, enraged beyond measure, brings forthwith the whole affair before King Gunther, who, as may be supposed, was not a little mortified, and strove hard to prevent any further inquiry on so delicate a subject.

A severe punishment, inflicted on the delicate form of Chriemhild, by her enraged lord, is the immediate result of this indiscreet act. But will his deadly foe be satisfied with it? Alas, no! An injury of so deep a hue, inflicted, too, on so proud and untractable a spirit, could not easily be forgiven. This insult, together with the dislike which Brunhild ever fostered towards Siegfried, now engendered a hatred, which would stop short of nothing less than his immediate ruin. His doom, indeed, was already decreed, and the shears of Atropos, the goddess of fate, only watched for a suitable occasion to sever the thread of his life. Nor was it long ere this took place. Troneg Hagen became the confidant of the queen; and, though dissuaded by her royal consort, vowed the death of Siegfried.

'Shall we retreat like fools?' spake Hagen wrathfully,
'Small honour that would bring, I trow, to blades as good as we;
That he had conquered my dear queen, he vowed with scornful breath,
So therefore must I lose my life unless he die the death.'

'Then spake the king himself: 'Save what is fair and good,
Nought has he ever done to us—let us not shed his blood.
What would it boot towards him my fostering any wrath?
He hath been faithful unto us—with right good will he hath.'

But no ear was to be given to the wise counsel of King Gunther. The evil design is persisted in. The fierce Hagen gives advices that sham messengers should arrive from Saxon-land, declaring war against the king; Siegfried then would offer, no doubt, his services, and whilst in the field, his life

might be easily taken without even exciting suspicion of foul play. *Gunther* is for a while opposed to this treachery; but at length gives way, so that everything is planned according to the advice of *Hagen*. However, previous to their taking the field, *Chriemhild*, fearing lest any mishap might befall her husband, holds a conversation with *Hagen*, requesting him to guard *Siegfried* against misfortune, little suspecting his perfidy. *Rage* had prompted her, on a former occasion, to betray the secret confided to her, and now it is the love to her husband which induces her to divulge another momentous secret, that had been confided to her by *Siegfried*. He was invulnerable, save in one spot, and that her misjudging affection led her to divulge.

As soon as *Hagen* heard this, he changed his plan; and hastening to the king, said:—‘The war is needed no longer; tell thy men, that matters have been settled with the Saxons amicably; but contrive thou a chase, and the enemy of thy house, I warrant thee, shall by my hand lose his life.’ So it was. *Siegfried* was stabbed by the wily courtier, through the fatal spot pointed out to him, and his lifeless body was carried home from the forest. Thus ends the first part of the poem.

The grief and horror of *Chriemhild*, on hearing of the death of *Siegfried*, is indescribable; only a very short time ago so unspeakably happy, and now deprived of all that could make life endurable. The poetical treatment of this scene displays a truthfulness and power, such as few only of our greatest poets could have imparted. With the swiftness of lightning, the suspicion of *Chriemhild* is fixed on *Hagen* and *Brunhild*—

‘*Brunhild* has counselled it, and *Hagen* has done it,’

she exclaims; and when *Gunther* seeks to free himself and his accomplices from the charge, *Chriemhild* leads them to the body of the slain, and lo! the wounds of the murdered hero begin to bleed anew. Thus the ordeal proclaimed their guilt; for this was the so-called *St. Michael-miracle* of ancient times, in which people of that and subsequent periods placed the most implicit faith. The guilt of *Hagen*, especially, was thus proved beyond doubt, and loudly she now exclaims:—

‘Now may God avenge it speedily on the persons of his foes!
Gunther, thou, and *Hagen*, have wrought me all these woes!’

The *Nibelungen Recken*, who had accompanied *Siegfried* to *Worms*, on hearing the awful news, prepared immediately for combat; but the prudent *Chriemhild* remembered that—

‘King *Gunther* has many a valiant knight,’

and suppressing, for the present, her feelings of revenge, gave herself up to bitter grief:—

‘She lifted up his fair head in her hand all snowy white,
And fondly kissed the dead—the good and noble knight.’

She had his remains committed to the grave; but would not associate with the murderers of her lord, nor be a party to any of the court festivities. Boundless as was her love for him, as boundless was her despair and misery. Peace and gladness of heart forsook her, and gloom and utter darkness took their place, and shadowed henceforth her whole being; friendless and lonely, life is hardly worth living for, and the world, bereft of its charms, is a desert. Yet one spot, one lonely spot, has unspeakable charms for her, this is the grave of her murdered love. Thither she goes to appease her bitter grief, to give expression to her heartfelt sorrow, and to hold secret communion with the dead.

Her trials and injuries did not end here; she was doomed to still more hardship and ill-treatment from the hand of her nearest kinsmen. Gunther, advised by Hagen, induces Chriemhild to send to the Netherlands for the Nibelungen treasure, the whole of which had been bestowed on her by Siegfried as a jointure, on the morning after the wedding-night; but no sooner has it arrived, than it is forcibly taken from her, breaking thus the last link of sisterly affection.

In this state years pass on. But the evil demon of revenge, and the time for a terrible reckoning, are approaching. It is the flash of lightning that is striking the dangerous burning-materials heaped up within her breast. The Hun king, Etzel, has lost his wife, Helke, and sends the Margrave Rüdiger, of Bechelaren, who is one of his vassals, to woo Chriemhild for him and to plead his cause. Chriemhild has little inclination towards any new matrimonial alliance, and, therefore, listens to Rüdiger's overtures with anything but a ready ear, so that the ambassador despairs of success; but on learning that Etzel would pledge himself to avenge her wrongs, things take a more favourable turn, and she forthwith consents to accompany Rüdiger to the far distant land of the Huns.

The journey to the Danube was a protracted and tedious one; but arrived at Tulna, she was received by King Etzel with much pomp and solemnity, who immediately set out with her for his castle at Vienna. Seven years she spent here, and found in Etzel a kind and loving husband, who endeavoured in every way to gratify her desires. In order, therefore, to gratify her pretended anxious wish to see her kinsmen, but in reality

to take vengeance on them, he permits her to send two minstrels, Werbel and Swemmel, in the shape of messengers, to Worms, to invite her brother Gunther and his followers, Hagen among the rest, to a *Hochgezeit*. A deliberation takes place, which lasts for some days, the result of which is an acceptance of the invitation, although the fierce Hagen, who was fully sensible of his guilt, and had some misgivings, strongly advised the king to abstain from the journey.

We shall not dwell on their journey to King Etzel's court, nor record the wonderful occurrences and strange beings they met with on their way. We may, however, advert for a moment to the Nibelungenhort, and inquire into a peculiar feature connected with the ownership of it.

This talisman, as we have already seen, proved a source of trouble and calamity to all who owned it, or had anything to do with it. It involved the early death of King *Nibelung*, of Nibelungenland, of his two sons *Schilbung* and *Nibelung*, and of their followers; it also caused the untimely death of poor *Siegfried*, and now it was on the eve of causing the destruction of the Burgundians, their king included. How was that? Simply because a curse clave to it, or rather to the robbery of it; for it formerly belonged to gods, from whom it had been taken by force, an act, for which every future owner came under the influence of the evil powers; in other words, whoever was the possessor of it became the prey of sinister powers; henceforth he was a *Nibelung*, and belonged to the Nibelungenland, Nife or Nebelland. It is for this reason that the Burgundians are called *Nibelungen* in this part of the poem, and that their melancholy end as described therein is termed, *der Nibelunge Nôt*, i. e. Nibelungen-Need, or trouble. This circumstance *Troneg Hagen* perceived, and as new discords threatened, he sunk the treasure in the Rhine. But although it is thus got rid of, they are still under its curse. And as the seed of their ruin is more and more unfolding itself, what human power will stay its course, or check its full development?

But to return to our subject. They arrive, and except by King Etzel who is ignorant of *Chriemhild's* design, their reception is neither the kindest, nor the most flattering in the world. *Hagen*, too, who has risen in the meanwhile in the estimation of the king of Worms, and who is naturally of a haughty temper, behaves in a froward and insulting manner, and even goes so far as to kill in the Buhurt, a noble and distinguished Hun. The result is a general uproar and fury, fostered on the one hand by *Chriemhild*, and on the other by *Hagen*, in the course of which the latter cuts off the head of *Ortlieb*, a son of *Chriemhild* and King Etzel. The Nibelungen are now attacked

by the Huns, in the hall which they inhabit, and a murderous fray ensues, or as the poet hath it :—

‘Then began among the Recken a murder grim and great,’

which baffles all description, and in which unexampled valour was displayed by Hagen and the hero Volker. This personage, although a courtier and a noble, is a fiddler, and in his way a real prodigy, who is not only full of sweet melody, but also of marvellous strength. He has a strange sort of fiddle-bow made of steel; it is a sword as well as a bow, with which he makes heavenly as well as deadly music, whenever it descends on the helmets or the coats of mail of his adversaries. He was inseparably connected with the stout Hagen, together with whom he achieved prodigious feats of valour.

Chriemhild now ordered the hall to be set on fire, and the anguish, heat, and pressure, arising from this was so great, that the fainting heroes, tormented by thirst, were compelled to quench it with the blood of the slain. Thus pressed hardly, Hagen then spake :—

‘Range yourselves, my men, close up unto the wall,
But have a care, lest on your helms the blazing brands should fall :
Quick quenched in streaming blood let them be hidden.
This faithless queen hath us to-day to an evil banquet bidden.’

Soon afterwards arrived Dietrich of Bern, who, being accompanied by his men, acted here as one of King Etzel’s vassals. These, too, attack the Nibelungen, but share the fate of the Huns and others, and perish under the strokes of the redoubtable Hagen and his companions. Sir Dietrich himself now takes up arms, wounds Hagen, and makes him and King Gunther prisoners. Both then are slain by Chriemhild, who cuts off their heads with Balmung, the goodly sword of Siegfried, which the fierce Hagen had appropriated to himself. This act of Chriemhild rouses the anger of King Etzel and the other heroes, and the Duke Hildebrand, one of Dietrich’s followers, is so enraged, that he slays Chriemhild, ere King Etzel has time to prevent it. With her death ends the second part of the poem.

Mr. Carlyle, speaking of this last scene of the drama, says :—
‘We have heard of battles, and massacres, and deadly struggles in siege and storm; but seldom has even the poet’s imagination pictured anything so fierce and terrible as this. Host after host, as they enter that huge vaulted hall, perish in conflict with the doomed Nibelungen; and ever after the terrific uproar, ensues a still more terrific silence. All night, and through morning it lasts. They throw the dead from the windows; blood runs like

water; the hall is set fire to, they quench it with blood, their ever burning thirst they slake with blood. It is a tumult like the crack of doom, a thousand-voiced, wild-stunning hubbub; and frightful like a trump of doom, the sword-fiddlebow of Volker, who guards the door, makes music to that death-dance. Nor are traits of heroism wanting, and thrilling tones of pity and love.'

Appended to the foregoing, as we have said elsewhere, is the 'Klage' (Lamentation,) an epic poem of later origin, and differing from the Nibelungenlied to which it is related, as a sort of epilogue, in form as well as spirit; it is a summary of what has been said in the first two parts of the epos. But, although trifling in itself, it is important in so far as it contributes to elucidate and explain various points therein mentioned.

If we now carefully examine this poem in an aesthetical point of view, we shall discover—leaving age and form out of the question—so much internal beauty, as to justify its being termed the *German Iliad*. The internal similarity of the characters brought forward in both poems, is great and surprising. The womanly beauties, *Helen* and *Chriemhild*, are the source of all the stirring events, and in consequence, both poems display an equal share of mighty heroism. King *Etzel* forcibly reminds the reader of Priam, whilst Siegfried forms a side-piece to Achilles. Odysseus and Ajax are united in the person of Hagen, the stout, crafty, and haughty Reeke. The greatest similarity exists in the description of the heroic life of both nations. Gunther may be compared with Agamemnon, Gernot with Menelaus, and Dietrich of Bern with Æneas. The mode of living and manners are similarly described, as, for example, the secluded state of the women, their skill in weaving and the sewing of garments; the high value which the heroes place upon the garments woven by the hand of women, the dwellings and presses filled with costly articles and store, the liberality with which they are given away, love of pomp, an eager desire for combat, etc.

With regard to the construction of the whole, it may be said to be so simple, the harmony and unity pervading it so rigidly correct and unaffected, and the keeping of the most varied figures so perfect, that the painter has only to copy the poet, in order to produce the most finished and most glorious work of art. Throughout the poem the main personalities, Chriemhild and Siegfried, Hagen, Gunther, Brunhild, and others, placed as they are in the foreground, shine above all the rest. It cannot certainly be denied, that the historical and traditional background might have been brought out into more light and with more force, in order to impart to the whole a

more finished aspect and character. The tragical interest would have gained greatly, if, for example, the curse which rested on the Nibelungen treasure had been pronounced with more distinctness. Nor do we miss with less difficulty, if not inconvenience, more finish and execution in some single figures and images, as for example, in Volker, the little Ortlieb, and others. The manner too, is, perhaps, now and then stiff, as if cast in inflexible iron; yet it is by no means affected and clumsy; nay, in point of grace and sprightliness, it carries the palm over the mass of heroic poems of more recent periods.

We find in the Nibelungenlied almost all the qualifications which pertain to a first-rate work of art. How animated and consummate are the various natures we here behold in a state of action! The whole is, in this respect, a faithful portrait of the German nation, so excellently described by Tacitus, and other ancient writers. The rudeness which now and then prevails, is an expression of the period in which the poem was composed, and, is depicted in such a manner as to lead us to suppose that the whole originated with the superabundance of natural untutored powers, and impulses, rather than with the great irritability of a sickly and corrupt race. Again; how finished is the description of individual character; as, for example, *Siegfried's* innocent and harmless integrity, coupled with so much Titanic valor, exercised, too, almost without consciousness or pride, so as to render him amiable even in his most daring defiance. And *Chriemhild*, how chaste and virgin-like! and with features, too, that remind the reader of Grecian loveliness and grace. Even the very act of betraying the secret confided to her by *Siegfried*, is only a natural outbreak of offended consciousness and self-regard, provoked by the overbearing and fiend-like character of Brunihild. And so is, indeed, her second blunder, which is based on her intense love of her husband. The very revenge she takes on her ungrateful brother, and the fierce and crafty Hagen, is palliated by so many acts of the most revolting injustice, that we need hardly have recourse to the character of the age to find an excuse for it. Less finished, perhaps, although full of poetical truth, and equally attractive, is the description of Queen Brunihild. Indeed, her secret passion for *Siegfried*, is handled with so much delicacy and true *savoir faire*, as to suffer no abhorrence to spring up against this personage.

The most finished character, in our opinion, is Hagen; and we may safely say, that throughout the whole range of poetry there are very few sketches equal to it. It is in the second part of the poem where he appears to the greatest advantage, —where Hagen, evidently seized by the foreboding and pre-

diction of his impending fate, accelerates his own ruin and that of his companions. Here the poet endeavours to represent his hero as colossal as possible, making him preserve to the last, and in the midst of the most prodigious acts of wrath, a truly chivalrous degree of honour. By his side we find the minstrel *Volker*, the 'fidelere gut,' whose fiddle-bow is more than a match for iron or steel, and cannot be resisted by the helmet, the shield, or coat of mail, the moment it descends on either. This *Volker* is an exceedingly interesting character, which, little as it is carried out, represents, with the rest of his warlike companions, all that is heroic, and truly noble.

How this Epos, calm as was the poet's mode of creation, progresses rapidly and smoothly,—how the interest is maintained and increased throughout, and especially towards the end, where the destruction of the most valiant, and the terrible massacre of the Nibelungen is described with wonderful force and skill,—this, and more, may be inferred from what has been briefly pointed out, and from the few specimens with which we have illustrated our opinions.

Little remains to be said concerning the modern German version of this poem, executed by *Karl Simrock*. This author ranks so high among German writers, that it would be presumptuous for us, to add anything to what has already been said concerning his version of this Epos, and of other similar performances. The whole, however, is another proof of what a translator can do, if he is inspired with a deep and sincere regard for the original, and penetrated by a large amount of intense feeling for its beauties. Accordingly, Herr *Simrock*, being himself endowed with the rarest mental gifts, and a truly poetical soul; having, moreover, a surprising command over his language and euphony, his version may be regarded as the most faithful, elegant, and truly scholar-like, known in the German language.

ART. III.—*Borneo and the Indian Archipelago.* With Drawings of Costume and Scenery. By Frank S. Marryat, late Midshipman of H.M.S. Samarang, Surveying Vessel. London: Longman and Co.

Most of our readers are aware, that shortly after the termination of our war with China, the government sent out the Samarang, under the command of Sir Edward Belcher, on an expedition to survey the coasts, and chief approaches to that empire. The narrative of this expedition has lately been given to the world by the commander, in a very interesting volume, which includes a summary of the natural history of the countries visited, a brief vocabulary of the principal languages, together with astronomical observations. So much interest has, however, of late been awakened as to these 'far-off' islands of the sea,—especially Borneo, and its enterprising rajah of Sarawak, Mr. Brooke,—that every piece of information, from the quarto volume to the mere extract of a letter, has been eagerly sought after. We, therefore, are not surprised that Mr. Marryat's wish to publish his drawings, without letter-press, was overruled, although, from the *animus* pervading many parts of his journal, he will probably some future time regret its *complete* publication.

The narrative, in which we think we can trace somewhat of his father's dashing, off-hand, but most graphic style, commences with the Samarang setting sail from Spithead, in January, 1843. In July, she arrived at Borneo, where the appearance of the Loandoo Dyaks, with 'eyes black, and deeply sunk in their head, nose flattened, mouth very large, lips of a bright vermillion, from chewing of the betel nut, and their teeth black, and filed to sharp points,' made rather an unfavourable impression on our young artist. After some difficulty in 'kedging and towing,' the Samarang at length anchored in the Sarawak, off the town of Kuchin, which contains about eight hundred houses, where the whole ship's company received a most hospitable welcome from Mr. Brooke. We have here a sketch of his residence, pleasantly situated, but extremely unpretending in its character. While there, some of the officers made an excursion with Mr. Brooke up the river, and also to the gold, and antimony mines, which are worked by Chinese. The latter appears to be very abundant:—

'The antimony is obtained from the side of a hill, the whole of which is supposed to be formed of this valuable mineral. The side at which the men are at work shines like silver during the day, and may be seen several miles distant, strangely contrasting with the dark foliage of the adjoining jungles. The ore is conveyed to Kuchin, and is there shipped

on board of the *Royalist*, (Mr. Brooke's schooner yacht,) and taken to Singapore, where it is eagerly purchased by the merchants, and shipped for England. * * *

'After dinner we all proceeded to the rivulet in search of gold; the natives had cleared out the bed of the river; the sand and stones were thrown into an artificial sluice for washing it; and a little gold was found by some of the party. This gold mine, if it may be so called, is worth to Mr. Brooke about £1000 per annum, after all the expenses are paid. Its real value is much greater; but the Chinese conceal a great quantity, and appropriate it to themselves. But if the particles of gold which are brought down by a small rivulet are of such value, what may be the value of the mines above, in the mountains as yet untrodden by human feet? This, it is to be hoped, enterprise will some day reveal.'—p. 9.

A visit to the mountain called Sarambo, which is of great height, and excursions among the Dyak villages, employed their time pleasantly, until the *Samarang* again put to sea. After visiting various islands, they sailed for the Madjicesimer islands, which are subject to the kingdom of Loo-Choo, and landed at Pa-tchu-san. The natives here received them with the same courtesy which the inhabitants of Loo-Choo have shown to strangers; and although, naturally enough, 'they appeared uneasy at the proposal of our surveying the whole group,' they eventually assented, and furnished both horses and necessaries.

The inhabitants, judging from the portrait of one which Mr. Marryat has given, seem to be of Malayan, if not Arabic extraction. The features are sharp, but finely formed, and the expression is remarkably mild and intelligent. They have no intercourse with any part of the world beside Loo-Choo, and know of the existence of no countries except China, Loo-Choo, and Japan. 'We were the first white men they had ever seen,' says Mr. Marryat, 'and we are fain to believe, that the conduct of the company of the *Samarang* was such as to leave a favourable impression on these secluded islanders.

After visiting various places, they landed at Great Sooloo, 'the chief of a group of islands known as the Sooloo Archipelago.' The inhabitants resemble the Malays, both in their personal appearance, and warlike character. 'The *Samarang* was the first English man-of-war that had called at Sooloo, since the visit of Dalrymple, in 1761.' A severe fight with the Malay pirates, off the coast of Gilolo, in which Sir Edward Belcher was wounded, soon after followed. We regret the remarks in which Mr. Marryat has here indulged. With personal irritations, likely enough to occur on board-ship, the public have little to do; the 'showing-up,' therefore, of either

messmate or commanding-officer, under circumstances which preclude reply, is ungenerous if not unjust.

Borneo, which they visited several times, is inhabited, as our readers are aware, by various tribes, indigenous to the neighbouring isles and continent—Arabs, Malays, Chinese, and the natives of Celebes. The chief men claim an Arab descent; and, from the portraits given, we have little doubt that the claim is well founded. There has, we think, been too much abuse of these islanders, because they live by piracy, but we should bear in mind that our own forefathers, Saxon and Norman, were as fierce and enterprising pirates, as those of the eastern Archipelago. We have, indeed, been often struck, when reading accounts of them, to find how closely the description of these voyages in the nineteenth century resembles that of the Greek historian in the sixth to the north, when he tells of the ferocious pirates, whose vessels were unmatched in swiftness, and whose crews were as unmatched in prowess. And yet, these ferocious pirates became the civilizers of modern Europe,—laying aside, under the genial influence of Christianity, their blood-thirsty practices, but retaining that energetic spirit of enterprise which, rudely developed as it then was, was still their impulsive principle. In the great care and skill bestowed on their boats, these pirates greatly resemble our remote forefathers; indeed, when we observe their rude habitations, and their more than half-savage customs, we may well be astonished at the perfection, both of their sailing and their war-boats. We have very interesting drawings of both; and of the latter, the following description:—

‘The Malay war boat, or prahu, is built of timber at the lower part, the upper is of bamboo, rattan, and Redgang, (the dried leaf of the Nepan palm.) Outside the bends, about a foot from the water line, runs a strong gallery, in which the rowers sit cross-legged. At the after part of the boat is a cabin for the chief who commands, and the whole of the vessel is surmounted by a strong flat roof, upon which they fight, their principal weapons being the kris and spear, both of which, to be used with effect, require elbow room.

‘The Dyak war boat is a long built canoe, more substantially constructed than the prahu of the Malays, and sufficiently capacious to hold from seventy to eighty men. This also has a roof to fight from. They are generally painted, and the stern ornamented with flowers.

‘Both descriptions of war boats are remarkably swift, notwithstanding such apparent loss of weight.’—p. 63.

The drawing subjoined exhibits the prow raised to the height of nearly twenty feet, and decked with a rather handsome ornament of carved wood, with feathers depending, and a plume surmounting the whole.

During the period of their second sojourn at Borneo, they anchored off a fortified Malay town, named Bintang, and became on such good terms with 'the sultan,' especially by treating him with 'Rule Britannia' in true sailor-like fashion, that he sent off to the head boat, a superb supper for seven people:—

'Consisting of seven bronze trays, each tray containing about a dozen small plates, in which were many varieties of flesh and fowl, cooked in a very superior manner. To each tray was a spoon, made of the yellow leaf of some tree unknown, but as specimens of primitive elegance and utility combined, they were matchless. We had some doubts from our knowledge of the treachery of the Malays, whether we should fall to, upon these appetising viands, as there was no saying but that they might be poisoned. Mr. Brooke, however, who, although not the commandant, was the mentor of the party, explained that he invariably observed one rule when treating and dealing with these people,—which was, never to exhibit any unworthy suspicion of them, as, by so doing, they became convinced of our own integrity and honour. That this confidence might have, in many instances, proved dangerous, unless adopted with great caution, must be admitted; but in our relations with the people on the rivers of Borneo it was of great service. The Malays are so very suspicious themselves, that nothing but confidence on your part, will remove the feeling; and, in treating with the Malays, this is the first object to be obtained.'—p. 69.

Now we think this alone proves the Malays to have a keen sense of honour, an element, we need scarcely remark, of great value in promoting civilization. During their stay, one of the Dyak chiefs provided a war dance for their entertainment. It is curious how close a resemblance these dances bear to each other. The clapping of hands, the swift wheeling round, the shrill yell, chorussed by the bye-standers, all resemble so closely the war dance of the North American Indians, that were these Dyaks not separated by half the globe, we might almost imagine both were derived from one common source. A sail down the river, and a boar hunt in the adjacent jungle succeeded, and the whole company dined off wild pig, with a relish which must have horrified a Mohammedan.

'Towards the end of a long repast, we felt a little chilly, and we therefore rose and indulged in the games of leap-frog, fly-the-garter, and other venturous amusements. We certainly had in our party one or two, who were as well fitted to grace the senate, as to play at leap frog, but I have always observed that the cleverest men are most like children when an opportunity is offered for relaxation. I don't know what the natives thought of the European Rajah Brooke playing at leap-frog, but it is certain that the rajah did not care what they thought. I have said little of Mr. Brooke, but I will now say that a more mild, amiable, and

celebrated person I never knew. Every one loved him and he deserved it.'—p. 90.

For our own part also, we have a higher respect for 'the rajah,' from this little trait, since the absence of all pretence and formality, is ever the characteristic of superior minds.

Singapore was next touched at, and the variety of race and costume, and 'the groves and forests, interspersed with plantations of nutmegs, cinnamon, cloves, and sugar-canes, and from which a most delightful perfume is brought by the breeze,' formed a picture on which the eye of the artist dwelt with delight. The Samarang then proceeded to Manilla, the inhabitants of which, we think, contrast unfavourably with the more uncivilized Malays. They are weak and spiritless, and although very good Catholics, seem to have all the vices of a worn out civilization.

'Gambling is carried on to a great extent in Manilla: the game played is monté. We visited one of their gambling houses. Winding our way down a dark and narrow street, we arrived at a porte cochère. The requisite signal was given, the door opened cautiously, and after some scrutiny, we were ushered up a flight of stairs, and entered a room, in the centre of which was a table, round which were a group, composed of of every class. An Indian squaw was sitting by the side of a military officer, the one staking her annas, the other his doubloons. I stood by the side of an old Chinaman, who staked his doubloons, and lost every time. The strictest silence was observed, and nothing was heard, but the chinking of the dollars, and the occasional *à quien* of the banker, who inquired the owner of the stakes. Everything was conducted with the greatest order; when one man had lost all his money he would retire, and make room for another. The authorities of Manilla made every effort to put a check to this demoralising practice, but without much success. It is universal, from the highest to the lowest, from the civilized to the most barbarous, over the whole of the Indian Archipelago.'—p. 126.

The lower classes, however, prefer cock-fighting, and 'every man in the streets has his fighting cock under his arm.' This is, however, only another mean to the same end, for betting is their very meat and drink. In general, the inhabitants of the Eastern Archipelago, however fierce, can scarcely be considered as treacherous. Those of Sooloo are, however, fearfully so. At the second visit of the Samarang, a French squadron had anchored in the bay, much to the dislike of the inhabitants.

'About a mile to the right of the town is a spring, where all the ships watered. One day some peculiar looking berries were found in the pool, which, on examination, proved to be deadly poison, the natives having thrown them in with the intention of poisoning us *en masse*. The water was of course started overboard, and intelligence sent to Admiral

Cecil, who was highly incensed. It was singular by what means this discovery was made. One of the seamen of the Samarang complained of a stinging sensation in his feet from having wetted them in the pool. Our assistant surgeon happening to be on shore at the time, caused the watering to be stopped, and the pool to be examined. Buried in the sand, and at the bottom of the pool, and secured in wicker baskets, were found those poisonous berries, which the natives had concealed there. As soon as Admiral Cecil received the information, all the water was thrown overboard, and the boats of the whole squadron, manned and armed, landed the French admiral, the ambassador, and our captain. They repaired to the palace of the sultan, who not only expressed his abhorrence of the attempt, but promised to put to death the parties if they could be discovered. The attempt did not, however, stop here. In addition to fruit, the boats at Sooloo brought off rice cakes, which were eagerly bought by the seamen. Some of the chiefs issued an order for a large number of poisoned cakes, which they intended for our consumption; but fortunately the order was so extensive that it got wind, and we were warned of what was intended by a native of Manilla, who had been captured by pirates and sold at Sooloo.'—p. 140.

The next port was Hong Kong, from whence Mr. Marryat made several excursions to the islands around. He also visited the celebrated pagoda of Ningpo, described by the late Dr. Milne, and which he thought might better bear the name of the Leaning Tower. Mr. Marryat has given us an excellent drawing of this singular structure, which far more resembles a Saracenic building than a Chinese. It is constructed of solid masonry, carried up with scarcely greater diminution than is necessary to the stability of the work, and the windows, or open arches, are the same as are seen in the mosques of Asia Minor. There are Chinese nuns here, to whom our author paid a visit:—

'They were assembled in a large room, at one end of which was an image of the god Fo. Each nun was seated at a small table, on which was a reading stand and a book of prayers. They were all reading, and at the same time beating a hollow painted piece of wood; the latter duty was, we were informed, to keep up the attention of the god. What with their all gabbling at once, and the tapping noise made with the wood, god Fo appeared more likely to have his attention distracted than otherwise. However, it was of no consequence, as Fo was one of that description of gods mentioned in the Bible, among whose attributes we find, 'Ears have they, but they hear not.'—p. 157.

A company of women *reading*, seems strange on the very coast of China. At Hong Kong Mr. Marryat fell ill, and was sent to the Minden, hospital ship, where he was witness to the sufferings of the numerous sick who crowded the vessel, and most of whom died. The Samarang proceeded from Hong Kong to Loo Choo, and from thence to the island of Quelpart,

belonging to the kingdom of Corea. The natives are very war-like; every hill—and these are very numerous—having a fort on its summit, and the people being armed with matchlocks, spears, and arrows. The reception of the strangers was anything but courteous, and the ship's company probably owed their safety to the decided measures which they took. The next port which the Samarang visited, was Nangasaki, a town belonging to the almost unknown empire of Japan.

‘We were at some distance in the offing in sight of the town of Nangasaki, when several boats, gaily decorated with flags of various shades and colours, came out to meet the ships and accompany us to the anchorage. One of them brought a letter, written in mingled Dutch and French, inquiring from whence and why we came. The bearer, who was a great man in authority, desired the captain to anchor immediately; but this the captain refused, telling him that he should anchor his ship when and where he pleased. We afterwards discovered that these were all government boats, and that they were always placed as a guard upon any ship which visited Nangasaki. The crews were all dressed alike, in chequered blue and white cotton dresses; the boats are propelled with sculls used as oars, the men keeping time to a monotonous song. Forts, or rather the ghosts of forts, appeared as if raised by magic; they were easily distinguished to be formed out of immense screens of coloured cotton, and they were surrounded by flags and pennons. Although not effective, their effect was good at a distance. In the evening, a large assembly of the principal men visited the ships; they wore very loose jackets and trowsers. The jackets reached no lower than the hips, where they were confined by a silk or silver girdle containing two swords, one somewhat larger than the other. The handles and sheaths of their swords were beautifully inlaid with copper, and japanned in a very peculiar manner. They were very curious to know the name and use of every article which excited their attention, and we were much surprised at their display of so much theoretical knowledge. They particularly admired the touch-hole of our guns, which are fired with the detonating tube. The properties of the elevating screws were minutely examined; and we were inclined to believe that many of our visitors were artificers, sent on board to examine and make notes of everything new. The Samarang was the first British man-of-war which had visited Nangasaki since the Phaeton, in 1808.’—p. 184.

Although the chiefs sent a present of provisions, they exhibited all the characteristic jealousy of the Japanese, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the requisite surveys were made. The Samarang soon after returned to Hong Kong, and thence to Manilla. At Caviti, seven miles from the town, ‘lies the remains of an old Spanish galleon, one of the few that had the good fortune to escape Commodore Anson.’ Mr. Marryat has given us a spirited sketch of this mouldering sea palace, whose huge, unwieldy hulk contrasts most picturesquely with

the light craft beside her. From Manilla they proceeded to Samboangan, where our author, and some friends, witnessed the following strange festival :—

‘About nightfall, as we were strolling through the town, we were attracted by the sounds of music in an adjoining street. We altered our course accordingly, and on arrival at a large thatched house, perceived through the open windows that it was filled with musicians and dancers. We were immediately observed, and the owner of the house, in the most courteous manner, and in tolerable English, requested us to enter, which request we immediately complied with. We imagined that it was a ball, perhaps a wedding ; but what was our surprise on entering to see a table in the middle of the room, on which was placed a dead child ! It was neatly dressed, and ornamented with flowers, looking more like a wax doll than a corpse. The ball, we were informed, was given in honour of its funeral. The dancing had not yet commenced, so we were in excellent time. The master of the house was extremely polite ; and requested that we would consider ourselves at home. We took his advice, and immediately separated, and paid our addresses to the ladies who most interested us by their appearance. A great many of them were exceedingly pretty, and they were dressed enchantingly. Their hair was drawn back and collected in a knot behind, their bosoms covered by a light muslin jacket with short sleeves. A petticoat of many colours was sufficiently short to disclose their naked feet, on which was a slipper of velvet embroidered with gold or silver lace. Two or three great gold ornaments completed their costume. Add to this their sparkling black eyes, regular features, and an air of *naïveté*, inseparable from Spanish girls,—and you have some idea of the witchery of the belles of Samboangan. We were very soon on excellent terms, and the table with the dead child being removed to a corner, the father and mother of the deceased opened the ball with a slow waltz. This being concluded, we selected our partners, and a livelier air being struck up, off we all went at a splendid pace.’—p. 202.

During the supper, to which they were subsequently invited, our author discovered with some surprise, that one plate served for a lady and gentleman, and that it was considered as a compliment to be invited thus to eat with a lady. This custom was doubtless brought by the earliest settlers from Spain, for it was a usage of chivalrous times, and in Spain many an ancient usage lingered long.

After again visiting Borneo, and touching at the Mauritius, the Samarang finally, ‘on the 24th of October, made sail for England.’ On the last day of the year she dropped anchor at Spithead, and with a sailor-like expression of gratulation at his release, Mr. Marryat concludes his very entertaining volume.

ART. IV.—1. *An Earnest Ministry the Want of the Times.* By John Angell James. 4th Edition.

2. *The Church in Earnest.* By the same Author.

[London: Hamilton and Co.

WHEN Mr. Ward, of Oxford notoriety, published his 'Ideal of a Christian Church,' he professed to be in anxious search after the reality, which, happily for himself, he soon after discovered. But his was much more of a human ideal than of a divine, and it satisfied itself with a human reality. Taken obviously, in the first instance, not from a Divine source, but from the Roman model of the middle ages, it very readily adjusted itself to the degenerate reality, as it exists at the present day in popery. But those who have more reverence for the Divine ideal than for any human or historic representation of it which has ever been presented to the world, cannot fail to mark, or cease to deplore, the interested delusion which was and is practised, by attempting to hold up this ideal, or its alleged reality, as the true church which the Son of God redeemed, and over which he continues to rule.

The Divine idea of *the* church, or of *a* single church, for it admits of indefinite plurality, as we find it developed, not in the fifth century, but in the first, and within the New Testament, (and it is developed there adequately for all purposes of constituting, governing, and extending,) has been strangely metamorphosed by passing through human brains. The Divine constitution is obviously that of a voluntary society, consisting of a ministry in and with a church, to which it stands in a relation of office divinely appointed, but personally elective. The ministry is within and for the church: the church is left to complete itself by the ministry. Though distinct yet one; correlative, co-ordinate, and corporate; but like the human individuality, susceptible of unlimited multiplication for the purpose of perpetual and boundless extension, without self-willed division, or sinful alienation, but under the obligation of fraternity and mutual recognition of equality, till the whole corporation, viewed as a totality or universality of identical corporations, shall become commensurate with the globe and with human nature; after which is to follow the realization of the idea of visible and perfect unity, always kept in view and desiderated by each distinct church, but to be attained in perfection only in the church of the heavens, when these countless circles will ultimately melt into one.

Most of the churches of history have exhibited some infraction of the Divine model, something taken away, or added. Instability, change, and decay, have been the consequence.

The Divine model was presumed to be imperfect. It was too simple for statesmen and philosophers. It must be made more imposing, elaborate, dignified. The lily must be painted, the rose must be perfumed. Pleas of time, place, and circumstance, soon induced reasons for additions and alterations which convinced the ambitious and satisfied the interested. The first great and still enduring alteration was borrowed from heathenism. The state had always regulated and conserved the religion of its people, and why should it not do the same for Christianity? The answer ought to have risen spontaneously from every Christian heart,—because our religion neither needs nor admits your regulation and conservation. It undertakes these for itself, and if you force your services upon us, you will paganize and corrupt our religion. But the idea of incorporating the human with the Divine did not startle the newly Christianized heathens by its incongruity and peril. It originated, moreover, with the imperial and aristocratic, and to say the best and most charitable thing we can, was adopted in the hasty zeal of new converts, and perhaps at the suggestion of a prudent state-policy, which could devise no other and no better expedient for harmonizing the discordant principles of Christianity and heathenism.

They accordingly undertook the perilous and presumptuous task of making the sovereignty of Jesus Christ quadrate with the sovereignty of the emperor over all estates and conditions of men. They essayed to establish the Christian church under the state, and in dependence upon it; when it had previously established itself in a Divine independence, without the state and against it. Many important and essential alterations in the relation of the ministry to the church were the consequence. These were too readily submitted to by the ministry, under the temptation of greater stability and augmented authority. They exchanged dependence on the church for slavery to the state. But the chain was a golden one, and it was at any rate worn willingly and gracefully. The innovations and corruptions then commenced, speedily grew into frightful deformities and disgusting monstrosities, which have received from modern churchmen the fashionable and philosophic cognomen of *developments*. But they have thoroughly defeated the design, and marred the utility, both of the church and its ministry. Indeed, the national churches, as they appear in history, and as they show themselves in modern practice, exhibit a ministry created, sustained, and authorized by the state, or else a ministry self-creating, and creating even the church. In both cases the spiritual body of Christ is annihilated for all purposes of self-government, and its authority is either wholly absorbed by

the clergy, or divided between them and the civil power. The word *church*, which ought to convey the idea of a Christian brotherhood having its proper officers, signifies with such only the *clergy*. The Divine idea of the Christian corporation is excluded, and the only government acknowledged, or practised, is derived either from the ministry, or civil legislation. This they call ecclesiastical law, church law, or connexional law ; but it is not found in the Divine statute book, and is often opposed to it.

The enormous abuses and shameful corruptions sanctified, in the name of Christianity, by these innovations upon the simple and beautiful type of scripture, have provoked some men to run into the opposite extreme, and to absorb the idea of the ministry in that of the church. Hence the systems which have constituted churches without a ministry, or one wholly self-prompted and self-appointed, as among the Plymouth brethren, and others of earlier days. It is true, they have endeavoured to preserve the idea of a ministry as well as of a church ; but it has been a ministry as independent of the Christian people, as the clergy of Rome, or of England. The responsibility of its election, authorization, and maintenance, has been thrown off the church as such, on the Holy Spirit, while the pastoral or episcopal office has been abolished, in deference to those inward self-promptings which are ascribed to direct inspiration, but which, if subjected to no collective judgment of spiritual men, open the door to all sorts of confusion and fanaticism, as well as to spiritual gifts.

These may be extreme cases—a ministry without a church, and a church without a ministry. The truth lies somewhere between them, as well as many minor deviations cognate respectively to the one or the other. All these deviations assimilate themselves both in their nature and their effects to the false type, after which they are formed. The measure of their departure from the infallible standing point is always indicated by the corruption both of the church and of the ministry.

It is not within our present purpose to go further into these deviations. We prefer to suggest, that there is a Divine ideal both of a church and a ministry, and of their happy reciprocity. Their mutual influence and relationship, dependence and independence, are settled by authority that leaves no room for human intervention. The Divine idea of both, because it is perfect, and of universal application, ought to be deeply pondered, apart from all historical exemplifications. At any rate, let not the fair conception give place to the more imposing schemes of statesmen or churchmen, who enforce them by pleas of expediency and stability. Let not the Divine model be discredited, under the pretext of altered circumstances or of

utopian impracticability. If it makes no parade of theory, and presents itself in no systematic form, yet it secures the perfection of both, in being pre-eminently practical and divinely simple. Let not the Christian brotherhood content itself with confessing and deploring the general corruptions and deviations which may be discovered in all churches, historic and existing; neither let it sink into hopeless despondency, under the difficulties that prevent its realization of the true and perfect ideal; but let it anxiously and devoutly keep this type in view, and hopefully place itself in the path of return; and though we cannot augur the discovery of a perfect church on earth, we may promise a far happier, holier, and more fruitful state of all churches than has hitherto been witnessed. The ideal of a church, like that of each Christian, should be perfection. The Divine standard, in no case, could be supposed to fall below it. Progression towards such a standard, in the church as well as in the individual, is, we believe, the utmost that ought to be professed, at least in the present life, and before the millennium. What may take place then, it is, at any rate, not so urgent to inquire, as how we may help both the church and the ministry forward in the line of usefulness and holiness.

Mr. James, in the two treatises at the head of this article, has treated with his usual practical tact, first the ministry and then the church. He has, wisely for usefulness, eschewed all controversy about the relations of office and systems of government. Christian ministers of all denominations may read, and probably will read, approvingly and advantageously, his 'Earnest Ministry.' It calls them to their sacred duties in so generous, affectionate, and energetic a spirit, that every right-hearted man, and every man who wishes to be so, will peruse the book with refreshment, and lay it down with holy and invigorating aspirations. Its characteristic is that of the man, and the explanation of his own success. The want of earnestness is assumed to be the great defect, and its attainment the desideratum of the times. First he reviews the apostolic ministry. From this he takes the idea of that pre-eminent earnestness by which it was characterized, both as to matter and manner. Having presented various specimens of what he understands by earnestness, he proceeds to exemplify it in reference to the delivery of sermons, and the discharge of other duties involved in the pastorate, which he again illustrates by examples. These he follows up by Motives to Earnestness—Means of Obtaining an Earnest Ministry—and concludes by a chapter on 'The Necessity of Divine Influence for an Efficient Ministry.' One citation from the chapter on 'Motives to Earnestness' will satisfy our readers on the sterling excellence of the work. It is all we

can admit in our limited space; but it will commend the book as admirably adapted to its object:—

‘When Pilate proposed to the illustrious prisoner at his bar the question, what is truth? he placed before him the most momentous subject which can engage the attention of a rational creature: and if Christ refused to give an answer, his silence is to be accounted for by the captious or trifling spirit of the querist, and not by any supposed insignificance of the question, since truth is the most valuable thing in the universe, next to holiness; and it is truth that is the theme of our ministry, even that which by way of eminence and distinction is called the truth. Take any branch of general science, be it what it might, and however valuable and important it may be considered, its most enthusiastic student and admirer cannot claim for it *par excellence*, that supremacy which is implied in the definite article, *the* truth. Who shall adjust the claims of this distinction, between the various sciences of natural and moral truth, and declare which is the rightful possessor of the throne, against the false pretensions of usurpers? Who? The God of truth himself; and he has done it, and placing the Bible on the seat of majesty in the temple of truth, has called upon all systems of philosophy whatever, to fall down and do it homage. This is our subject: eternal, immutable truth. Truth given pure from its divine source, and given with the evidence and impress of its own omniscient author. Oh, what are the loftiest and noblest of the sciences: chemistry, with its beautiful combinations and affinities; or astronomy, with its astounding numbers, magnitudes, distances, and revolutions of worlds; or geology, with its marvellous and incalculable date of by-gone millions of ages—to the truths of revelation? What is dead, inert matter, with its laws of materiality however diversified, classified, or combined,—compared with the world of mind, of souls, of immateriality and immortality, and with the laws of moral truth by which they are regulated? What is nature to the God of nature? What the heavens and the earth, to the glorious mind that looks out upon them through the organ of vision, as from a window that commands the grand and boundless prospect? What the fleeting term of man’s existence upon earth, with its little cycles of care, and sorrow, and labour, compared with the eternal ages through which the soul holds on her course of deathless existence? The works of creation are a dim and twilight manifestation of God’s nature, compared with the grandeur and more perfect medium of redemption. The person of the Lord Jesus Christ is itself a wonder and a mystery, which will shine all other displays of deity into darkness: this is the shekinah in the holy of holies of the temple of God’s creation, towards which, as they bend over the mercy seat of his work of redemption, all the orders of created spirits, from the most distant parts of the universe, reverently turn and do homage to the great God our Saviour. This, this is our theme, the truth of God, and concerning him; the truth of an incarnate deity; the truth of man’s redemption by the cross; the truth of the moral law, the eternal standard of rectitude, the tree of knowledge of good and evil; the truth of the gospel, as the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God, the truth of im-

mortality, and of heaven, and of hell; the truth couched under the symbols of the Levitical law, and the predictions of inspired prophets, and fully exhibited in the gospels of evangelists and the letters of inspired apostles. Again I ask exultingly and rapturously, what are the discoveries of Newton, or of Davy; or the inventions of Watt, or of Arkwright, compared with these? Viewing man in his relation to immortality, as a sinful and moral agent, what is art or science, compared with revealed truth? And shall we, can we, be otherwise than earnest in the promulgation of *this* truth? Shall we touch such themes with a careless hand, and a drowsy mind? Shall we slumber over truths which keep awake the attention, and keep in activity the energies of all orders of created intelligences, and which are the objects and the resting place of the uncreated mind? Let us look at the earnestness with which the sons of science pursue their studies; with what enthusiasm they delve into the earth, or soar on the telescope to the heavens, or hang over the fire; with what prolonged and patient research they carry on their experiments, and pursue their analysis; how unwearied in toil, and how enduring in disappointment, they are; and then how rapturously they hold up to the world's gazing and wondering eye, some new particle of truth, which they have found out after all this peering and prying into nature's undiscovered secrets! Ministers of the gospel, is it thus with the men who have to find out the truths of nature, and shall we who have the volume of inspired, revealed truth open before us, drone and loiter, and trifle over such momentous realities? Shall the example of earnestness be taken from him who analyses man's lifeless flesh, to tell us by the laws of organic chemistry, its component parts, rather than from him who has to do with the truths that relate to the immortal soul? Shall he whose discoveries and lessons have no higher object than our material globe, and no longer date than its existence, be more intensely in earnest, than we who have to do with the truth that relates to God and the whole moral universe, and the truth that is to last through eternity? What deep shame should cover us for our want of ardour and enthusiasm in such a service as this!—p. 27.

The entire work is executed in the earnest spirit of this passage, and presents to the Christian minister every part of his official duty in the full blaze of its eternal consequences, both to himself and others. If the rising ministry should imbibe the spirit and catch the ardour of this eminently useful author and preacher, the next generation will undoubtedly present a revived church in all its sections. It is a highly favourable augury, that already a fourth edition of this work has been called for. This alone is a rare fact for such a work, and an omen of much future good.

'The Church in Earnest' is a most appropriate companion to the former, though complete by itself. It is an earnest appeal to the Christian community upon its principles and professions, and for variety, power, and practical efficiency, may be said to

surpass its predecessor. If the Christian church is teachable, impressible, and not quite given up to lukewarmness and worldliness, here is an appeal, moving and powerful enough to call forth new life, and brace every nerve to fresh exertion. Every Christian man and woman should read and ponder it well.

The first chapter exhibits 'the design to be accomplished by the church, as regards the present world.' The second is occupied with a brief comment 'on the epistles to the seven churches of Asia, tending to illustrate the nature of earnestness in religion,' and to sustain the proposition—that the Lord Jesus Christ takes a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of all and each of his churches, and that he watches minutely the character it exhibits, and deals with it accordingly. The third chapter treats of earnestness in personal religion; the fourth of earnestness in the way of individual exertion and direct action for the salvation of souls. The fifth enforces earnestness in family religion, and is replete with instruction of the most valuable kind to pious heads of families.

The activity of churches in their collective capacity occupies the sixth chapter; the seventh treats of the causes that operate to repress this earnestness in religion; the eighth presents 'inducements to earnestness; the ninth, examples; the tenth states the means to be used to obtain a higher degree of earnest piety in the churches; and the eleventh appropriately cheers the Christian reader, by an outline of the millennial state of the church as portrayed in prophetic vision.

We would strongly recommend the third chapter on personal religion to the attention of our readers. It clearly and powerfully sets forth the true spring of all earnestness in promoting the cause of Christianity in the world. The instrument must be adapted to the work. But we abstain from extract upon this part of the subject, to make room for the following important passage from the fourth chapter, on direct action for the salvation of souls. The information therein communicated cannot be too generally known, nor too deeply pondered, by all Christians whether earnest or not. There is enough in it to make those earnest who were never so before, and those who are, much more so.

'Look at the moral aspect of your country. It is now more than three centuries since the Reformation from popery; almost two since the era of toleration; more than one since the revival of religion by the labours of Whitfield and Wesley; nearly seventy years since the setting up of Sunday-schools by Robert Raikes; fifty since the spread of evangelical religion in the church of England; forty-three since the establishment of the Bible Society, and a little more than that since the formation of the Religious Tract Society, and somewhat less since the invention

and promulgation of the popular systems of education by Bell and Lancaster: to say nothing of the various institutions, such as Home Missionary Societies, Town Missions, District Visiting Societies, and other organizations, which have since been set up for improving the spiritual condition of the people. The Bible Society has issued twenty million copies of the Scriptures. The Tract Society has sent out nearly five hundred million copies of books and tracts; other institutions have added millions more of bibles, tracts, and prayer-books. Churches, chapels, and schools have been multiplied beyond all precedent in former times. And yet what is the moral condition of the people of England, of protestant England at this moment? The town in which I live contains, with its suburbs, about two hundred and ten thousand inhabitants, and of these perhaps not more than forty thousand above twelve years of age, are ever at public worship at the same time. Take from these all Roman catholics, unitarians, and other denominations who do not hold evangelical sentiments, and what a small portion remains out of the whole population who are enjoying those soul-converting means of grace, which stand so intimately connected with eternal salvation. Where are the bulk of the remainder, and what is their state and character as regards eternity? This is but a specimen of other large towns, and of the state of the metropolis. What then, it may be asked, is the spiritual condition of this land of Bibles, of sanctuaries, of ministers; this valley of vision, this land of light?

‘If, however, it were merely the paucity of means of doing good we had to complain of, it would be a matter of less grief and horror; but let any one think also of the agencies, instruments, and means of doing evil, which are in active operation. The moral, or rather demoralized, condition of a large proportion of the people of this country is beyond the conception of those who have not been inquisitive into the subject. All persons know the prevalence of drunkenness and sensuality, and most are impressed vaguely with the idea that there is a great deal of infidelity at work; but the depths of iniquity, the stagnant, pestiferous sinks of vice which are ever sending forth their destructive miasmata into the moral atmosphere, and poisoning the souls of the people of these realms, are neither known nor conjectured by those who are ignorant of the statistics of the kingdom of darkness.’

‘A writer to whom the religious public are much indebted, has lately published a work entitled, ‘The Power of the Press,’ in which he has set forth a statement, derived from authentic sources, and sustained by unquestionable evidence, which is enough, if any thing can do it, to circulate a thrill of horror through the whole nation, and to rouse into activity every friend of his Bible, his country, and his God.

‘This indefatigable investigator informs us that 11,702,000 copies of absolutely vicious and Sabbath-breaking newspapers are annually circulated in these realms; while the issues of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Trinitarian Bible Society, the Coldstream Free Press Bible Society, and the *grants* of the Religious Tract Society, did not amount last year to *one-third* of this immense number!

‘But a more fearful revelation still remains. There are about *seventy* cheap periodicals, (varying in price from three halfpence to one half-

penny) issued weekly ; and supposing an extensively circulated series of popular works issued from Edinburgh, the tendency of which is believed by many to be injurious, are omitted, there remain at least *sixty* of a positively pernicious tendency. Of these the most innocent is one which has perhaps the largest circulation. It is said to issue 100,000 weekly. But though vicious principles are avowedly repudiated, yet a depraved and disordered imagination is fostered in this journal, by the introduction into its pages of French novels, and similar trash, as a principal feature. Then comes a less scrupulous paper, with a weekly issue of about 80,000 ; followed by six papers, all a degree lower in the scale of corruption, with an average weekly circulation of 20,000 each, or yearly sale for the six, of 6,240,000. And lastly comes a catalogue of intolerably polluting trash, which closely examined, will make the Christian shudder at its contemplation ; wondering where readers can be found, and amazed at the neglect and indifference of the church of Christ. The works thus alluded to, may be classified thus ; 1st, infidel ; 2nd, polluting. Of these two there are circulated a yearly average of 10,400,000.

‘ But even beyond this dreadful limit, there is a very large annual circulation, into which the writer dare not enter, so awfully polluting is the character. In the last mentioned class, engravings and colourings are employed to excite the lowest passions. It is true, *these last* works are supposed to be sold by stealth, but they are easily procurable from the same sources as the papers and periodicals before mentioned. The vendors of the one generally procure the other ; moreover, the unstamped journals previously alluded to, usually contain advertisements of these works ; and as the sale of these journals is large, they obtain a wide circulation for the filth, which bad as they are themselves, they would profess to abominate.

‘ Now if we sum up the entire yearly circulation of the different kinds of popular, but manifestly pernicious, literature, which have been passed in review before the reader, it will stand thus :—

10 stamped papers	11,702,000
6 unstamped	6,240,000
About 60 miscellaneous papers	10,400,000
Worst class	520,000

Being a total of..... 28,862,000

* * * * *

‘ What has been done (by the press) to meet this evil ? Putting together the annual issues of Bibles, Testaments, Religious Tracts, newspapers, and periodicals of every kind, we find a total of 24,418,620, leaving a balance of 4,443,380 in favour of pernicious and corrupting literature.’

‘ Let it then be imagined, if imagined it can be, what must be the moral state of multitudes in this country, when nearly thirty millions of such pestiferous publications are annually going out among the masses of our population. Let the minds of all Christian people be fixed upon these facts. Let them dwell upon the insult offered to God, the ruin

brought upon souls, the injury done to morals, and the mischief perpetrated in the nation by such a state of things. Friends of Christ, lovers of your species, professors of religion, you *must* pause and ponder these statements. You must not read and *dismiss them*, as you would the statistics of political economy. The writer of these facts has haled you to the very door of Satan's workshop, and has thrown open to you the scenes of that awful laboratory of mental and moral poison. He has shewn you authors, compositors, printers, engravers, publishers, booksellers, vendors, by myriads, all busy and indefatigable to do—what? To destroy the Bible—to pull down the cross—to dethrone God—to subvert religion—to uproot the church—to turn man into a thinking and speaking brute, and as a necessary consequence, to overturn all morality, to poison the springs of domestic happiness, to dissolve the ties of social order, and to involve our country in ruin. Is this so, or is it not? If it be, you are summoned to ponder this awful state of things, and to ask, what can be done to arrest this tide of ruin, this awful cataract of perdition, which is dashing over the precipice of infidelity into the gulf of the bottomless pit, and precipitating millions of immortal souls into the boiling surges and tremendous whirlpools below. Hell is in earnest in ruining men's souls, if the church is not in earnest in saving them.'—p. 92—98.

These two works, addressed to the two constituents of every portion of the evangelical church, are both admirably executed, and seasonably offered to public attention. They are adapted with great skill to the present condition and prospects of the church. Never were such demands for energetic effort in propagating Christianity made upon its advocates, never had it so wide and promising a field before it. Providence seems surrounding it with invitations to onward movement. Mountains are sinking into plains before it. The strong holds of error are tottering to their foundations. Christianity is the only religion in the world that maintains its position and is advancing. Mohammedanism and heathenism are sustaining serious infractions and diminutions. Popery must soon be shorn of its temporal power, gradually yield its impious usurpations, and remedy its corruptions, or fade before the spreading light of truth. Just as barbarism recedes before the march of civilization, so must superstition contract itself to narrower and still narrower limits, before the flood of light which is streaming from the Sun of Righteousness. But the church, the aggressive body, that which should be everywhere an army of invasion, pursuing sin in every form and in every place, is not in action, or is only partially efficient. The Great Captain calls to arms, but many remain in their tents; some sleep and others trifle, while not a few aid the enemy's cause by their indifference, or openly follow their pernicious ways. Mr. James has most forcibly and eloquently spoken, as a faithful herald both to the officers and

the host, repeating the summons of the Divine Leader, and pointing to the receding foe. It will be strange, indeed, if these stirring appeals produce no effect. There may not appear anything like a visible sensation through the Christian lines, but if there exists a true spirit of loyalty, wherever there is a spark of really Christian courage, these volumes will assuredly call it forth into some kind of action tributary to the common cause. Ministers who are anxious for success in their arduous calling, cannot do better than study the volume addressed to themselves, and publicly recommend that designed for the people. So far as our influence may extend, we cordially and earnestly commend both volumes to the attention of our readers, as among the most useful productions of our times. There can be no doubt that their usefulness will extend throughout the whole evangelical church, and beyond the age and the events which have called them forth.

ART. V.—1. *Das Todtenbuch der Aegypter* (The Book of the Dead, according to the Egyptians). Now edited, for the first time, from the Hieroglyphic Papyrus at Turin. With a Preface. By Dr. R. Lepsius, Professor Extraordinary at Berlin. Leipsic: George Wigand. 1842.

2. *Auswahl der Wichtigsten Urkunden*. Selection of the most important Records of Egyptian Antiquity. Revised from the original Monuments, and in part for the first time published. By Dr. Richard Lepsius, Professor Extraordinary in the University of Berlin. Plates. Leipsic: Wigand. 1842.

3. *Egypt's Place in Universal History: an Historical Investigation*. In Five Books. By Christian C. J. Bunsen, D. Ph. & D.C.L. Translated from the German. By Charles H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A. 8vo. Vol. I. London: Longman and Co.

For a large portion of our least uncertain knowledge respecting the ancient Egyptians, we are indebted to the religious care with which they discharged their canonically recognized duties toward the dead; and, if we were now intending the direct discussion of that subject, the first of these publications would supply us with a pregnant text. The more important particulars, the groundwork and great lines of the system, are here before us; chapter and verse are literally and graphically inscribed on the open page; and that which we can at present

but imperfectly decipher in the sacred medium, may be plausibly, perhaps satisfactorily, inferred from the lively and expressive sketches ranging along the upper margin, but sometimes intersecting, with more ambitious delineations, the page itself. It was a strange affair, the making up of these formularies. They were kept regularly 'in stock,' the work of the sacerdotal scribes, measured in quantity, compressed or expanded, like the mortuary masses of the Trentine 'Church,' by the anxious liberality of the moribund, or the pious sympathy of surviving friends. They were obviously considered as a sort of passport, ensuring to the defunct a favourable reception at the many portals of the celestial region. By far the larger portion of the existing papyri belong to this class; and the tomb, 'that rich treasure-chamber, which has almost exclusively preserved to us the remains of Egyptian life,' is thus made, in every way, the history and the moral of existence. Not that we obtain from these documents anything approaching to biography; the names of the departed, with those of his immediate ancestors, seem to have been a sufficient heading for the regulated catalogue of virtues that entitled him to 'manifestation in the light of Osiris,' after solemn trial and acquittal in the 'Hall of twofold Justice.'

This strange and stimulating relic of high antiquity is not now made generally accessible for the first time, although it has never before been given in so complete a state. It would, at the date of its earliest publication, (1805), be little more than an unresolvable enigma, a mere affair of curiosity and speculation: it was reserved for a much later period to extract something like a meaning from its mystic characters. Champollion, while exploring the rich collection of Egyptian antiquities in the Turin Museum, among other remains of still greater importance, laid his hand upon this invaluable papyrus, including, apparently, an almost unbroken series of the various forms connected with the funeral observances of that singular people, whose superstitions are extensively illustrated, both in the hieroglyphic text and in the illustrative designs. These are carried forward through the entire extent of the Roll, and exhibit a nearly complete Pantheon of the 'brutish gods of Nile' in their various forms, from the sublime Osiris, as the final justiciary, to the unaccountable Beetle, who figures after sundry marvellous fashions, both in his own ugly person and as an adjunct of human limbs. A regular explanation of these pictures and vignettes would, we believe, carry us nearly through the entire system of that strange idolatry. The precise connexion between the decorative and scriptural portions, we do not undertake to determine. It is evident, and, indeed, fairly admitted, that

there can, in the present state of Egyptian philology, be nothing approaching to a regular interpretation of the papyri. We are assured, on no less an authority than that of the Chevalier Bunsen, that 'the man does not exist who can fairly read and explain a single section of the *Todtenbuch*.' To a considerable extent, however, the designs are self-interpreting; and the text affords occasional suggestions, of which Lepsius has not failed to avail himself with characteristic acuteness and learning.

The designs arrange themselves into distinct portions, indicating as many divisions of the Roll itself, and each leading to some special event in the extra-mundane history of the defunct. The first series is the most simple and intelligible, containing little more than indications of the funeral solemnities and their result. The long line of procession, with its halting points and changes of circumstance, lies drawn out before us with instructive but altogether unscientific precision. There is no grouping, no muscular expression, no discrimination of character except by common-places, no shading nor cross-hatching; but the osteological proportions of the figure are fairly enough observed, and though the arms and lower limbs are marked only by single lines, the usual positions and action of the human frame are rendered with facility and sufficient accuracy. First appear the mourners and friends, in attitudes of grief and sympathy, following the mummy, which lies under a canopy in the *Baris*, something between a barge and a raft, that is to convey it over the Sacred Lake to its final destination. The vessel itself, placed on a moveable platform, is preceded by the usual circumstantialia of funeral celebration. Emblematic standards and consecrated offerings are borne by numerous attendants, and this pompous journey to the grave terminates with the customary symbols of sepulture and commemoration, the obelisk, the *stelé*, and the pyramid. The most significant feature of the exhibition presents itself at the close. Just as the train reaches the tomb, while the priest pours out the last libation, and the nearest relative takes the final leave with gestures of grief and veneration, Anubis lays a gentle hand upon the corpse, as its guide through the dark avenues of Amenti. Nor is the event left in uncertainty, for beyond the grave the deceased reappears, having cast off his mummy-trappings, kneeling in adoration before the sun-god, Ra. Connected with this panoramic exhibition, but differently arranged and on a larger scale, are three distinct designs, which indicate, in varied forms, the admission of the absolved and beatified 'Osirian' into the presence and abode of the radiant god. In the last of these mystic personations, the nearest surviving descendant of the deceased appears in the act of offering to his memory, in compliance with invariable

custom, the sacrifice of the dead. A running margin, of about four feet in length, with an inch and quarter depth, gives sufficient space for these delineations, of which the larger portion is simply expressive of actual circumstances, and it is not till we reach the close, that we overtake the unreal and mythological.

The succeeding scenes are of a different character, higher in pretension and covering a much more extensive and varying surface. It would carry our explanations far beyond all average limit and all reasonable edification, were we to attempt a systematic survey of these wild yet remarkable instances of an ineffectual striving with the 'deep things' of the invisible world. Yet even in this strange and fearful masque, there are incidents which speak of a nobler faith, of the 'law written in the heart,' of an original revelation, obscured but not obliterated, in the memory and conscience of mankind. Amid wretched and degrading idolatries, there is an appeal to virtue, veneration, and a judgment to come.

In the first and most distinct series, then, we have found the clear representation of the funeral movements, followed by unmistakable intimations that the exemplary person, who had thus identified his own future felicity with the present profit of sacrificers and papyrus-scribes, was enjoying the reward of his piety, in the region of light. Into that and other departments of the celestial world, we have now to follow his 'strange, eventful history,' through a series of rather whimsical illustrations. Lightly and briefly, however, we shall trace this mysterious journey through scenes peopled by forms monstrous and grotesque. The earlier passages have, apparently, some slight connexion with the preceding division; but they quickly assume an independent character. The defunct presents himself as a suppliant, before gods variously grouped, but without much personal variation. Then succeeds a series of combats between the deceased and sundry 'Typhonic animals,' crocodiles, serpents, scorpions, over which he appears to gain an easy victory. Invention seems to have failed the designer after this, for there is much mere repetition, and a monotonous character prevails. The 110th chapter, however, breaks in upon us with a grand representation of the heavenly world, on a large scale, but with most unartist-like exposition. Egypt and the Nile suggested, of course, the leading features of the draught, and it sets forth with sufficient completeness, the Egyptian equivalent for the Elysian fields, or the Islands of the Blessed. A quadrangular space is bounded and intersected by what is meant to represent water; and within these limits, the deceased appears in the full exercise of the very terrestrial occupations of boating, ploughing, sowing, reaping, thrashing, and offering to the

gods the first-fruits of his harvest. A little further on is the representation, still larger in dimensions, of the Hall of Judgment, to which we have already referred, and which has been too often both repeated and described, to require from us, at present, anything beyond a general reference to Sir Gardner Wilkinson and other accessible sources, though we do not remember to have seen it elsewhere so complete in all its details. There sits the inexorable arbiter, and before him are the unerring balance, the heavenly scribe, the stern assessors of Osiris, and the anxious expectant of the final award.

The section of text connected with this representation is evidently of the most important character, and there is much reason for regret that it can only be imperfectly explained. It bears an altered and more emphatic title. While the preceding forms are distinguished by a hieroglyphic sign which is rendered by the word 'chapter,' we have in this instance another, obviously denoting 'Roll' or 'book.' It seems, in fact, to be the most indispensable portion of this long and multifarious document, standing, in some instances, alone; and in others, with but slender accompaniment. There is one portion of it in particular, which may be so far interpreted as to show that, if the whole could be read off, we should probably obtain something like a complete exposition of one of the most curious questions in Egyptian theology—the precise character and office of the forty-two 'Assessors of Osiris' in their two-fold character, as earthly compurgators, and, in the heavenly court, as a sort of jury, whose verdict was irreversible. In the same number of columns, each containing the hieroglyphic figure of a divinity, these gods or demigods are separately addressed; and in the midst of appeals and deprecations, now but imperfectly apprehended, a clearer insight might give us a satisfactory definition of the prerogatives and powers of this terrible tribunal. To each was assigned the guardianship of a single ordinance, and if the verdict of these many-headed justicers were favourable to the deceased, he passed unscathed from this dangerous ordeal to his ultimate absolution at the throne of Osiris.

Our readers will by this time have formed to themselves a tolerably distinct idea of the shape and bearing of the 'Todtenbuch,' and a cursory reference to the remaining sections may be sufficient to complete the outline. Having in the previous division offered his devotions to the favouring gods, and defeated the personified malignities that opposed his progress, the hero of this 'wild and wondrous tale' seems now, protected by Osiris and in some mysterious way participant of the divine essence, to have set forth on a more distinct survey of the celestial localities, typified in part by a series of gates or doorways, some

of which are under the care of very ill-favoured guardians. The other details are of a more miscellaneous character, and apparently without any decided element of coherence, excepting that there is in this, as in the preceding division, a leading chapter, of which the object may be ascertained, with much probability, as having a more direct dealing with the subtleties of the Egyptian creed, and illustrating what may be called the Osirianism of the system. Beyond this point, we shall not carry our exposition; there is yet much to be done before a clear view can be obtained of that monstrous and multiform combination, in which *Tout étoit Dieu, excepté Dieu même*. Ingenious conjectures have been proposed, and plausible theories maintained, but, so far as we can see, the Isiac veil remains unlifted. It is not impossible that a harmonising element may exist; that this medley of individualities, combinations, and metamorphoses, may contain, among its crawling or climbing caprices, some leading thought, some positive and ultimate principle, but if such a thing there be, we believe that it is still to seek; we cannot find it in the *Götterkreise* of the Chevalier Bunsen, nor in the *Götterverhältniss* of Dr. Lepsius. If anything of a loftier bearing can be thought to show itself, it may possibly be traced in the character and position of Amun, who maintains a supreme and independent throne, the Zeus of the Egyptian mythology; and in certain indications that would seem to connect the attributes and influences of Osiris, with an agency more ethereal and diffused, than the vulgar anthropomorphism of the sculptures and paintings might lead us to anticipate.

We do not meddle with the learned editor's inferences, touching the extreme antiquity of this legendary collection. The parties immediately concerned, had no difficulty in the matter; they derived the whole series from Thoth, the ultimate referee in all cases of written tradition. Old or recent, however, it is clearly a gradual compilation, of which the *core* may be much more remotely dated than the subsequent additions. The mere insertion of names or references, proves nothing in any direction, and all effective reasoning from internal evidence must be deferred, until the time shall come when we may be able to read these dark rolls, with a clear and continuous apprehension of their meaning. Dr. Lepsius is firm in his belief, that these *nebulae* will be at last resolved; and, in the meantime, he urges the close study of the *Todtenbuch*, as the most promising source and medium of instruction. The comparison of the hieroglyphic and hieratic texts is strongly enforced, as affording an obvious and easy method of familiarising the eye and hand with the difficulties of the latter. One observation more, and we dismiss, for the present, a subject which we may

find future opportunities of carrying forward to more explicit results. Champollion, after examination of this papyrus, designated it as a ritual—*Rituel funéraire*. To this Lepsius objects, on the ground that the contents show no affinity with formularies of public or private devotion, but have reference entirely to the *post mortem* movements and personal agency of the individual in whose name the Roll was made out. It contains a series of invocations, prayers, and other modes of appeal, to be addressed by the defunct to the various divinities whom he might encounter, on his travels through the ultra-terrene regions. Admitting, then, 'The Book of the Dead,' as preferred by Lepsius, to be an unobjectionable heading, we yet cannot perceive the inappropriateness of that given by his predecessor. Is it, after all, an unlikely supposition, that these forms might be made available for various duties; that they belonged, entirely or in part, to the temple-service, and that they were chaunted or recited in connexion with the funeral ceremony?

The second title at the head of this article distinguishes a work of much value and convenience to the student. Up to the present time, simple collection has been the rule, for the material was both in request and in danger. The soil of Egypt, set with marvellous relics of antiquity, preserved beneath that wide-spread ruin, the brief and fragmentary chronicle of those dark and remote periods when fact and fable entangled each other, requiring for their extrication, precisely that sort of evidence of which stone and the chisel might be supposed the most trustworthy conservators. Marble and the graver are, however, sadly fallible when vanity or interest direct the operation, nor can the granites and basalts of Egypt tell us anything beyond the traditionary elements of a complicated history, transmitted through an artificial channel, and made thoroughly subservient to special purposes. Annals carved in hard stone are not likely to spread out into illustrative or explanatory details; and the descendants of Thoth, wise in their generations, reserved for themselves the secrets of the sacred dialect and character. The papyrus was inevitably more communicative than the obelisk or the stelé, but the language of Egypt preserves everywhere the monumental forms; with the defects of a purely hieroglyphic or symbolic medium, awkwardly supplied by an interfused phoneticism. The machinery had fairly answered the intention of its contrivers; but its work was well-nigh done, and the secret was dying away amid the political changes of the country, when the bilingual inscriptions were fortunately interposed to preserve it for posterity.

The discovery of the clue to all this intricacy, made it of the

utmost importance to secure, as far as possible, the remaining fragments of the language, and thenceforth inscriptions were copied, and papyri collected, with exemplary industry and activity. It soon, however, became manifest that a large portion of these relics was of small practical use, being to a great extent mere repetitions of special phrases and forms, explained without much difficulty, and where defective, satisfactorily made out by comparison and inference. But among them were others of great value, containing, even in a partial interpretation, information of essential importance to a right apprehension of Egyptian history and character, correcting previous errors, and suggesting names, dates, and circumstances, in a high degree auxiliary to the adjustment of a bewildering chronology. It became, therefore, expedient to make such a selection from the general mass, as might bring the more available materials within the reach of all who may feel an interest in these inquiries, and the task fell into the fittest hands when it was taken up by Dr. Lepsius. The marking points of Egyptian history are here, partially illustrated and awaiting farther elaboration. The draughts are, moreover, on a scale, 'large folio,' that gives perfect distinctness to all details. The number of plates is twenty-three, so arranged, as to follow the order of time, and to exhibit, though with wide interruptions, the successive dynasties from the fourth to the time of the Ptolemies. The first and second 'Tafeln' contain the mural genealogies of Karnak and Abydos, corrected and completed as far as practicable; the critical and conjectural additions being distinguished by a different mode of execution. All this, however, does not affect the interpretation, it only brings before the eye the thing to be interpreted. Independently of the still unremoved difficulties in the way of direct and sufficient explanation, there are the very formidable hindrances which arise from the damaged state of the record, and of this we regret to say, that much is due not merely to carelessness, but to intention. There has been, as we shall presently see, a regular traffic in this antiquarian ware; systematic spoliation has been carried on, and it may be questioned whether the discriminating depredations of European officials, have not done more real mischief than the sweeping demolitions of the natives. The ruins of Thebes, we are told by Nestor L'hôte,* are losing, day by day, their ornamental details. 'The barbarism of travellers, not less injurious than

* 'Lettres écrites d'Egypte en 1838 et 1839.' A thin octavo, containing much valuable detail, written and illustrated in a craftsman-like style. This, with the lively but rather off-hand 'Letters' of Champollion, give a much more vivid impression of monumental Egypt than is to be obtained from works of much greater cost and pretence.

the cupidity of the Arabs, leaves no monument undamaged; and for the sake of carrying off some mere fragment of sculpture, mutilates entire surfaces.' He goes on to specify, in illustration of the different agencies, the destruction of two Pylons for a local supply of building materials; and the defacements of the painted tombs, for the miserable purpose of enhancing the value of copies previously taken. Either from this cause, or from inexcusably rough treatment in clearing away dilapidations, the genealogies of Karnak have sustained great injury, since their first discovery. The 'Tablet' of Abydos has also suffered much in its removal from the original site. Thanks, however, to the admirable skill and activity of Lepsius, the loss has been in part repaired; we have now these invaluable memorials in a fair degree of restoration, and the labours of Birch and Bunsen have cleared up much that was obscure in their import, or difficult in their historical adjustment. The promised 'Text' of Lepsius has never, so far as we can learn, been published, and the present work contributes nothing of verbal illustration beyond a classified index. The Tablet of Abydos is now safe from farther injury in our own Museum, but the 'Chamber of Kings' is still liable to barbaric or capricious mutilation, as an irremovable portion of the great 'temple-palace' of Karnak.

In the following subject we have a reproduction of the great Hieratic Papyrus, once altogether unregarded, but now carefully preserved among the most valued treasures of the royal museum at Turin. It was brought from Egypt, in the large and important collection formed by the French consul-general, Drovetti;* offered by him to the Bourbons, but refused; and

* This gentleman seems to have been an especial favourite with Champollion, who speaks eloquently of his 'noble, frank, and disinterested' conduct: the Chevalier Bunsen, too, gives him a good word, in consideration of his 'love to Egyptian art.' If, however, the statement of Mr. Gliddon, the American consul, is to be accepted, the disinterestedness of this affection may be reasonably doubted. He speaks of 'Salt and Drovetti,' as 'absorbed in intrigues and manœuvres to circumvent each other in the abstraction of a *saleable* relic:' he describes 'the *trade* in antiquities as a consular *monopoly* of France, Great Britain, and Sweden,' and his only mitigating comment is in favour of the English agent. 'Salt, however, it must in justice be added, was a gentleman and a scholar, possessed of many estimable qualities; and if he sold the tablet that he had succeeded in withholding from the Corsair clutches of Drovetti, he certainly did his best to embellish his invoices with antiquarian annotations.' The italics are Mr. Gliddon's. To this it may be added as a significant circumstance, on the authority of Champollion Figeac, the editor of his brother's '*Lettres sur l'Égypte et la Nubie*,' that Drovetti endeavoured to dissuade, and, failing dissuasion, to prevent J. F. Champollion from visiting Egypt. The official interference of a royal mission threatened to break up a lucrative traffic.

ultimately secured by the Piedmontese government. The history of this document is not uninteresting. Purchased without reference to its special value, it remained in careless custody as a lot of illegible scraps until 1824, when Champollion detected in that heap of unsorted fragments the signs of an orderly succession of Egyptian kings. But he neglected the smaller sections, and it was two years later when Seyffarth undertook the meritorious task of arranging the whole, as far as ascertainable, in regular order, inlaying, or at least securing, the smallest remains. In this state it was found by Lepsius in 1835, and with characteristic decision, he immediately set about making a correct and complete transcript. He found, however, that certain portions which were seen and copied by Champollion, and had apparently passed through the unsafe hands of Salvolini, were now missing. After canvassing Europe for materials, he undertook a second journey to Turin, with a view to clearing up some remaining difficulties, and the result of this exemplary and expensive labour is here before us, on four double folio pages, an admirable example of skill and perseverance. More than one hundred and sixty ragged pieces, larger and smaller, have been carefully arranged, and without being precisely a restoration, this rich relic is at least set forth in the most accessible and convenient form.

Thus far these plates are referable to general chronology; the remainder, to the 19th inclusive, illustrate particular dynasties from the fourth to the Ptolemæan period. Among them is a large and legible transcript of the Rosetta Stone. Four of a more miscellaneous quality close the series; they chiefly consist of what is called the 'Canon of Egyptian Proportion,' by which we suppose is meant, some law of adjustment applied to the lines of the human figure. It may be so: apparently it is nothing more than a simple method of copying a subject, without reference to rule or principle. There are some humorous sketches, but the drollery lacks both edge and point.

We have hesitated as to the expediency of connecting with these documents the recently published work of the Chevalier Bunsen, and we have decided in the negative for several reasons, of which the most influential has been the consideration that it is an unfinished inquiry, and that it is by no means easy to anticipate the precise conclusions to which it may lead. The analysis of three volumes, in themselves to a great degree analytic, is out of the question, and we prefer waiting for more precise and positive results. There is no small difficulty in dealing with a writer, the personal friend and avowed disciple of Niebuhr and Champollion; names of highest note but doubtful guidance, the latter, we venture to think, especially fluctua-

ting and unsafe as an authority. That the Prussian diplomatist is a man of too much nerve to be enslaved by great names or specious prescriptions, his work shows distinctly enough, but it also exhibits the occasional signs of a foregone conclusion, a swerve at the starting-point, and we would fain have the whole case in hand, before venturing on direct discussion.

The chevalier refers to the time, with a receding interval of nearly twenty years, when he was in oral intercourse with the brilliant and enthusiastic Frenchman, and he makes no attempt to conceal the veneration and affection with which he cherishes his memory. It is amusing to contrast the cold, stern criticism which sifts the claims of Young to hieroglyphic discovery, with the shout of admiration that hails the advent of *Jean François Champollion . . . der stolz Grenoble's*. His own workmanship, however, is rather of the German than the Gallic school; the learning, the speculation, the illustration, have all an ultra-Rhenish flavour. The treatment throughout is distinguished rather by the breadth and fulness of the first, than by the sharp outline of the second; and though we cannot think that the inquiry has hitherto fixed, or is likely to fix, the position of Egypt in the world-history, we are glad to give it a cordial and deferential reception, as an excellent example of historical investigation, in a direction beset by difficulties of a peculiar and most embarrassing kind; where the pathway is obscurely marked, and the guiding signs feeble and uncertain.*

There are circumstances connected with this subject, which, on some accounts, it might be desirable to forget; but, for other and very important reasons, it is expedient to keep in memory. We refer mainly to the spirit of jealousy and exclusiveness, which seems to have mastered the temper of men, otherwise amiable and high-minded, while engaged in this perplexing quest. We have not yet forgotten the impression made by the severe and searching *Examen Critique* of Julius Klaproth; nor, though a recent inspection may have somewhat modified our views of its 'finality,' can we even now say otherwise, than that its two-edged criticism retains much of its weight and force. The reference to the Basque catechism is excellent, both as

* Another German work on Egyptian history—'August Boekh. Manetho und die Hundssternperiode'—has recently come into our hands, but we have not as yet been able to give it a close and leisurely reading. It is published in a most inconvenient form for reviewers, or, indeed for any students whose application is at all liable to interruptions. This essay, on the 'History of the Pharaohs,' has neither table of contents nor index; and the loose division into four irregular chapters or sections, gives no help nor guidance to the memory. A general notion of its object may be readily and pleasantly obtained from a long explanatory note, in the third volume of Mr. Grote's History of Greece.

burlesque and illustration. The most impressive part of the pamphlet, however, relates to Champollion's Grenoble essay on the hieratic writing, published in 1821, and we have never yet seen any satisfactory reply to the charges founded on that special work and date. M. Bunsen affirms, that the French writer, 'frankly and candidly admits his mistake of the year 1821, and the merit of Young.' There must be some error here, possibly our own; but we have no recollection of any such 'candid' admission; and, on a slight actual search, we cannot now detect it. On the contrary, we can find nothing to the point in the second edition of the *Precis*, beyond a qualified concession, that Young had discovered by methods merely mechanical (*materielles*), 'the true value of a certain number of hieroglyphic signs and groupes.' Of M. Bunsen's observations on this subject, we must say, that they have not left a pleasant impression on our mind. His inferences appear to contradict each other; and his final award seems to be, not that the researches of Young terminated in the actual discovery, but that they 'led,' by 'the impression made upon Champollion, to the greatest discovery of the century.' Champollion Figeac, elder brother of Jean François, went more roundly to work when, after having rather minutely traced the successive steps of the discovery, without reference to any individual as at all assisting in it, he finishes in the most peremptory style of affirmation: 'The alphabet was, without difficulty, completed; and the most desired and unexpected discovery since the revival of letters, was at last accomplished. Such was the result of the researches of the younger Champollion.' ('L'Univers Pittoresque—Egypte.')

On the early decease of this eminent man, it was, we believe, the general expectation that his views would be diligently and ably carried out by his pupil Salvolini, whose name was subsequently attached to successive publications, on some of the most important objects of Egyptian research. Salvolini, however, did not long survive, and, after his decease, it was clearly ascertained that he had made an extensive appropriation of his master's manuscripts. It has been with us a matter of surprise, that suspicion was not sooner awakened. He published, in 1832, close upon the decease of Champollion, two letters to the Abate Costanzo Gazzera, concerning the 'notation of dates on the monuments of ancient Egypt.' As a kind of introduction to these dissertations, he put forward a statement which ought, we think, to have suggested the expediency of immediate and stringent inquiry. Referring to a paper on 'the Astronomical Year of the Egyptians,' which had been read, in 1831, at a sitting of the Institute, by Champollion, Salvolini goes on as

follows : ' Was it not enough that death had arrested the course of his useful labours ? Fate has deprived us, perhaps for ever, of this last work, his intended legacy to science ! Champollion pronounced, some days before his death, the name of an individual to whom, always in consistency with his fine character, he had not been able to refuse his manuscript ; this name, nearly unknown to the friends who surrounded his bed, was forgotten during the terrible catastrophe which, a few days after, terminated a life so precious ; and thus, by an act which it is, as yet, too early to characterise, science is, until now, deprived of a masterpiece. I was fortunate enough, sir, to have been favoured with the sight of this remarkable work, and you will permit me to avail myself of the opportunity now afforded, and to set down the principal results that my memory may have enabled me to retain.' This is ingenious enough. The apparent frankness and sensitiveness, as well as the eagerness to put those interested in the matter, on the fair track for detecting the perpetrator of a mean and selfish fraud, are well conceived, and adapted to the trick of the scene ; but we question if any one accustomed to forensic evasion, could have been imposed on by its shallow sensibility and vague circumstantialities. The dying man, the grieving but unnamed friends, the mysterious and forgotten name, the ' terrible catastrophe,' are artist-like touches ; but we very much suspect that, if this statement had been put into the hands of a London ' Detective,' it would have led him, by the shortest possible road, to M. Salvolini's study.

In four successive numbers of the *Echo du monde savant* for March, 1836, there appeared a series of articles, at first anonymous, but afterwards avowed by a Dr. Dujardin, in which part of Champollion's Egyptian Grammar was subjected to a severe and sarcastic criticism. The sarcasm was in bad taste, and the severity might have been spared, for he at whom they were aimed, was no longer here to reply. Dujardin was eminent as a Coptic scholar, and seems to have been equally so as a writer and man of letters. The discussion was probably carried farther, but he is said to have subsequently changed his view of the subject. In 1838, he visited Egypt at the cost of the French government, for the purpose of collecting Coptic MSS., almost on his first arrival at Cairo, he was seized with dysentery ; he rallied, but relapsed, and in that fierce malady, a second attack is fatal.

While engaged with the later portion of the preceding details, the first volume of a translation from the Chevalier Bunsen's ' Historical Investigation ' has reached our hands ; and, although we have declined a sectionary criticism, in the instance of the

German edition, we do not feel ourselves justified in passing by so important a production, when presenting itself in our own language. To a close and searching analysis, however, the same objections apply, and with still greater force, since the volume contains little more than half the matter of the foreign publication, which is itself, as we have already stated, but an instalment of the promised work. Until, therefore, we have the whole case in hand, with its evidence and illustration complete, we shall both consult our own convenience, and gain a more advantageous position for securing historic certainty, by deferring all considerations that may involve controversy or anticipate definitive results. Our readers are, however, entitled to expect from us something like a fair summary of this important and comprehensive discussion, so far as it has proceeded, and we shall endeavour to give them, in addition to what has been previously mentioned, a rapid but sufficient estimate of its range and value. The exordium and text are brief and pithy :—

‘Twenty years have now elapsed since I became convinced by Champollion’s lectures and writings, as well as by my own examination of the Egyptian monuments at Rome, and particularly the obelisks, that the great discovery of the hieroglyphical system would prove to be of the highest importance for the ancient history of mankind. In analysing its bearing upon the course of historical research pursued in Germany, and upon my own studies, three questions presented themselves. Is the chronology of Egypt, as embodied in the dynasties of Manetho, capable of restoration, wholly or in part, by means of the monuments and the names of its kings? Will the Egyptian language enable us to establish the position of the Egyptians, as a nation, in primeval history, and especially their connexion with the tribes of the Aramaic and Indo-Germanic stock? Lastly, may we hope by persevering in a course of Egyptian research, based in the strictest sense of the word, on historical principles, to obtain for the history of mankind a more sure and unfailing foundation than we at present possess.’—Preface p. vii.

This might, we think, have been given in simpler phrase and in a single question.—If we were better acquainted with the Egyptian language and annals, should we not gain a wider scope for our inquiries into the history of man and his migrations? A proposition, of which there can be no risk in accepting the affirmative; neither can there be any hesitation in admitting, that something has been already done in this way, were it only in the correction of long-standing errors, and the removing of old and obstinate prejudices. We feel, however, great uncertainty concerning both the extent and value of much that seems to be assumed as clear and conspicuous gain. We suspect all indirect history; and we require strong corroboratives for the sort of evidence which seems so much in favour

with the learned men of Germany;—the illustration that is derived from the structure and filiation of language. Fully admitting the great value of these researches, when applied to the clearing-up and confirmation of imperfectly ascertained facts, we can never accept them as substitutes for what students of subtler genius may deem the common-places of historical tradition. The course of language is plainly enough traceable along the greater lines of history, not so its anomalous interruptions and accidental modifications. Cross currents, the influx of tributary streams, violent diversions of the channel, may be altogether inexplicable without the presence of the historic test; in other words, without the distinct knowledge of facts which cannot be assumed as present in the chart of human speech. Not, however, to lengthen out a discussion which requires more time and thought than we can now afford, to say nothing of the very partial interest it is likely to awaken among our readers, we shall take the easier and safer course of giving M. Bunsen's views in his own words:—

‘German philology to any one who has cultivated it since Frederic Schlegel, must necessarily present the great truth that a method has been found of restoring the genealogy of mankind, through the medium of language; not by the means of forced, isolated etymologies, but by taking a large and comprehensive view of the organic and indestructible fabric of individual tongues, according to the family to which they belong. Viewing the question upon the principles established by these researches, I found a comparison of the Coptic language with such roots and forms of the old Egyptian as were then discovered, sufficient to remove from my mind all doubt as to the Asiatic origin of the Egyptians, and their affinity with the Semitic or Aramaic stock. But I had, moreover, long arrived at the conclusion, from a more general study of language, that the civilization of the human race is principally due to two great families of nations, whose connexion is a fact as much beyond the possibility of mistake, as is their early separation. What we call universal history, necessarily therefore appeared to me, from this point of view, as the history of two races, who, under a variety of names, represent the development of the human mind. Of these, the Indo-Germanic seemed to me the one which carried on the main stream of history; the Aramaic, that which crossed it, and formed the episodes in the Divine drama. It had struck me, therefore, as a convenient course, and in our time in particular, a most appropriate one, to make the structure of the language of these two parent stocks the basis of all research into the origin of the human race, and the laws of its development.’—Preface pp. viii., ix.

‘We may, therefore, at this stage of the inquiry, say thus much, that the facts we have established on an equally solid and substantial basis, respecting language and mythology, give us the same result. Both carry us historically back to Asia. *The cradle of the mythology and language of the Egyptians is Asia.* We shall show, in the fifth book, that the primeval seat of our race is Armenia and the Caucasus, but that

the Egyptian race is more particularly connected with the primitive land of Aram, and the primitive empire in Babel. In the hieroglyphical picture of universal history, the sign of primitive Egypt is but the stereotyped image of what the human mind was, and produced, in earliest times, in the land of Aram and Armenia. This is an historical fact which we only assume here, but which we hope to prove by authentic evidence.'—p. 444.

These citations are, as the references will show, from very distant portions of the volume, and they are simply intended to define, in his own words, the objects and results of M. Bunsen's investigations. They are not to be taken as examples of the rich and various furniture which lies between, claiming the close attention of the student, as illustrations of universal and local history. We shall now quickly pass through the volume, referring to the preceding pages of this article, as anticipating much that we should otherwise have found it expedient to give in the way of detail and explanation. The *Todtenbuch* and the *Auswahl* have supplied the larger portion of the original and authentic material, on which the Chevalier has bestowed so much masterly elaboration. His entire work is to comprise five books, of which we have here only the first, containing the groundwork of the whole, in a regular exhibition of the principal authorities, with much acute criticism touching their qualities and relative value. Whoever would know the character and extent of our resources for the working out of the great problem, cannot do better than provide himself with this admirable summary. It commences with a description of the 'Sacred Books,' taken mainly from Clement of Alexandria, and while it explains their respective subjects, is chiefly successful in showing what they did *not* contain. It is suggested, that they might in some respects offer a 'close parallel to the Zend-books.'

'That these sacred books did not contain any history of the Egyptian nation, is no less certain than that the Old Testament does contain that of the Jews. The idea of a people did not exist—still less that of a people of God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth. History was born in that night when Moses, with the law of God—moral and spiritual—in his heart, led the people of Israel out of Egypt. Its vitality declined, when under the judges, the feeling of national unity relapsed into that of Bedouin Arabs and shepherd races. It revived once more, with the grand historical figures of Samuel, of David, and of Solomon, founders of the Jewish state. On the extinction of the United Kingdom of the twelve tribes, the popular mind became directed more to religious subjects; and thus the true historical style could never attain its complete cultivation among this people. But in the same period the muse of history found her favourite nation in the Greeks, and raised up in Herodotus, the master of research, the originator of the strictly historical, connected narrative of the immediate past.'

It finally results from a shrewd, critical examination, somewhat attenuated by a clever calculation of probabilities, that 'the genuine sacred books were totally unlike the lying books of Hermes they contained no history, but much that was historical. They gave no chronology, but constituted its basis and touchstone.' Having ascertained, by a wide and searching reference to antiquity, in its annals and monuments, the probable extent and character of these hallowed formularies, the way is open for inquiry into the probability of their actual existence; and here the conservative system of the Egyptians has enabled us to produce one division at least, and that not the least important of the series. The 'Book of the Dead' is still extant, and there can be no reasonable doubt of its sacred character. Our previous analysis will have sufficiently explained the form and quality of this mystic scroll, and we may pass, without further comment, from the religious to the secular view of the historical deduction. Here, again, we have anticipated the greater part of what it would otherwise have been expedient to say in due course of definition and elucidation. For his monumental authorities, M. Bunsen relies chiefly on the extensive collection published by Lepsius, and described by us in earlier paragraphs. Nothing can surpass the dexterity and persevering industry with which these rich relics have been made available by the Chevalier, to the objects of his arduous investigation. The chronological tablets of Karnak* and Abydos, as corrected and restored by Lepsius, are here collated with the historical authorities, and the Turin Papyrus, notwithstanding its shattered condition and cursive characters, has been shrewdly questioned, and made to supply valuable illustration.

Passing from the monuments, we come to Manetho and the Greek historians, who are canvassed with an anxious and exhausting scrutiny, of which the critical excellence is indisputable, although we think that there may be detected, throughout, the operation of theory on the investigating mind. There is an occasional want of what our neighbours call *aplomb*, both in the argument and the marshalling of facts, that makes us doubt if we can be moving in the right direction, and has compelled us, more than once, to make our way through a crowd of ingenious queries, conflicting suppositions, and conclusions not always in alliance with the premises. In plain truth, though we have wrestled hard with this whole section of 'Manetho,'

* We find, from a note to the present volume, that the mural monument of Karnak has been removed from its original location, by M. Prisse, and presented by him to the French nation: we hope that it may have sustained no material damage in this perilous migration.

we must confess that we have been nearly thrown ; possibilities, probabilities, and actualities, have assailed us in unfair plurality, and left us at the close without a very clear discrimination of particulars. With the highest admiration, both of the author's learning and his admirable skill in using it, we must confess that, in these matters, we prefer a more simple style and method. The questions connected with the Jewish chronology are too important to admit of discussion on an incomplete view of the case, and we await, with some impatience, the final application of M. Bunsen's canons. There is much to be done before we can reach a final adjustment, but we have as yet seen nothing to shake our confidence in the general accuracy of the received interpretation.

The course of modern research is learnedly and comprehensively mapped out. To understand it thoroughly, pre-supposes a rather considerable amount of previous instruction ; it fails, we think, in simple narrative, but, in other respects, shows the master-hand, and leaves nothing to be desired in point of explanation and instruction.

At length, we reach the sections relating to grammar and lexicography ; and certainly nothing can exceed the care and completeness with which the whole of this part has been collected and arranged. All that relates to the Coptic has passed under the correction of Professor Schwarze, and the hieroglyphic 'Lists' have been extended and perfected by the skilful supervision of Mr. Birch. The Coptic, however, after having so long been the guiding light of Egyptian interpretation, is now subordinated to an ancient language, for the recovery of which it may be an important auxiliary. The indications of that mysterious and forgotten tongue are to be sought in various directions, mainly through those philological speculations, to which we have already made reference. Even the Coptic character is discarded.

'The plan hitherto adopted of transcribing, or rather rendering, Egyptian words into Coptic, is quite unphilological and unscientific. There is no harmony between the Coptic alphabet, with its great variety of letters, and the fifteen simple sounds of the Egyptian ; besides, the Coptic word scarcely ever corresponds literally with the Egyptian, least of all in the vowels. In regard to these, it is impossible to adhere too closely to the critical principle, of never putting in a vowel where none has hitherto been found in the hieroglyphic text.'—p. 593.

The mode of exhibiting the 'signs,' with their equivalents, in modern type, is incomparably more convenient than the teasing system of incessant reference, adopted in the German original.

The section which illustrates the Mythology of Egypt, is, in

our view, the most valuable of the entire work. We have already, however, said so much on the general subject, that we must dismiss it with this general observation. It may be doubted, moreover, whether our readers would find the same interest in extract or condensation, that it offers as a complete dissertation.

The volume closes with a rich appendix of excerpts, from the original authorities.

ART. VI.—*Eastern Life, Present and Past.* By Harriet Martineau.
In Three Vols. London; Edward Moxon. 1848.

WE are always glad to meet Miss Martineau on ground which does not involve theological discussion. She is an agreeable and intelligent companion, full of information, vivacious yet thoughtful, much of an idealist, yet far from indifferent to the complexion and welfare of practical life. Many of her works are entitled to considerable praise. There is a force and substance in them not commonly found in the productions of her class, and if they sometimes fail to carry our judgments along with them, they yet minister to our instruction by opening up fresh views of human life. They stimulate where they do not convince; and brace our faculties, though they may not command our assent. She is a keen and shrewd observer, quick to analyze the motives of others, and free to comment on their demeanor; somewhat suspicious, often hasty in her generalizations, and, amidst much appearance of catholicity, really harboring many of our household prejudices. With such qualities, she is sure to be a welcome companion to many readers. Combining some of the qualities of a masculine intellect with those of her own sex, she at once pleases and instructs, and is sure of a cordial reception from a numerous and intelligent class. We have never been disinclined to do justice to her merits. On the contrary, our knowledge of the wide interval that subsists between us on some most important matters, has only rendered us the more solicitous to acknowledge her excellences, and to render her, where we deemed them due, our thanks. The coarse ribaldry with which, in some quarters, her labors have been met, has always appeared to us a foul stain on our literature; while the prejudice which would

exclude what is useful in her productions, on account of the theological heresies with which she is chargeable, we deem unworthy of ourselves, and libellous to truth. We have spent many pleasant hours in the perusal of her volumes; and in closing them have been conscious of the feeling, that it would be well for some of our would-be religionists, if their faculties were employed with equal ability and earnestness in the diffusion of truth, whether scientific, political, or sacred.

The character of the volumes before us has, not unnaturally, called up these remarks, and tempts us to indulge in them at length. We opened them without suspicion, and read on for some time in ignorance of their tendency. We had not, however, proceeded far without turning back to the title-page, and we then perceived what at first had escaped our notice—that it supplied an intimation of what the book contained. We received the work as a book of travels simply, and anticipated pleasure in accompanying so intelligent a visitor to the scenes and tribes of the eastern world. But when we saw that the *Past*, as well as the *Present*, of Eastern Life, was announced in the title-page, we felt that scope had been thereby insured for all we met with, and by which we had been pained. Judged by the wording of her title-page, Miss Martineau is free from reproach; but by another, and as we think a higher standard, she cannot be acquitted of alluring her readers into a path which many of them would not have trodden, had they been apprised of the character of the road. But let this pass. We do not attach much importance to it, though we think a judgment would be recorded against her in a high court of honor, for not having more distinctly forewarned her readers, in her title-page or preface, of what she well knew many would regard as a most important and exceptionable feature of her work. Its anti-supernatural character is the more to be regretted, as some parts of the work are deeply interesting and instructive. On their account, we should like the volumes to be extensively circulated through our families. There are passages in them which it is refreshing to read, glowing descriptions of some of the richest and the grandest scenery on which the eye can rest, tearful lamentations and exultant hopes, healthful sympathies with a degraded and cast-out humanity, a keen-sighted detection of individual and national peculiarities, a calling up of the past with all the distinctness of a living faith, and the fore-shadowing—at least, in dim outline—of things to come, through the light of a penetrating genius. We, therefore, should have been glad to recommend our youths to place themselves under Miss Martineau's guidance, as she

ascended northward from Alexandria to Cairo, and thence by Suez, Sinai, and Petra, to the Holy Land. But we cannot do so. Our fidelity to what we deem the most important truths, forbids it. The work is saturated with infidelity of the worst class,—that which employs the names of Moses and of Jesus only to deny what was miraculous in their history, or supernatural in their doctrine. To those who are qualified by reading and reflection to test her statements and logic, we recommend the perusal of these volumes, as—apart from their interest as a book of travel—the most recent and popular exposition of that theology which, in the pride of false science, looks contemptuously on the distinctive glory of the gospel. To all others we say, and we say it reluctantly, ‘Eastern Life, Present and Past,’ is no book for you. Its theology is false, its religion is pantheistic. Under the forms of Christian speech, it gives currency to dogmas which, if true, the history of our world is a riddle, and man himself an unredeemed and hopeless criminal. We proceed to give some specimens of the better portions of the work, in the course of which we shall notice two or three of its exceptionable features.

Miss Martineau landed at Alexandria in November, 1846, in the company of two English gentlemen and a lady. Before their anchor was down, a crowd of boats surrounded the vessel, manned by a multitude of screaming Arabs. ‘I know no din,’ she says, ‘to be compared to it, but that of a frog concert in a Carolina swamp.’ An English merchant kindly took charge of the party, who ultimately found themselves, after many petty annoyances, safely housed in an hotel. The Bombay passengers, who were to start for Cairo at nine o’clock, were, of course, all bustle; but an hour afterwards everything was quiet, and our voyagers enjoyed the luxury of undisturbed repose. On looking out of her window in the morning, nothing peculiarly African was visible, till a string of camels passed noiselessly along. The camel is no favorite with Miss Martineau:—

‘I thought them then,’ she says, ‘as I think them now, after a long acquaintance with them, the least agreeable brutes I know. Nothing can be uglier,—unless it be the ostrich; which is ludicrously like the camel, in form, gait, and expression of face. The patience of the camel, so celebrated in books, is what I never had the pleasure of seeing. So impatient a beast I do not know,—growling, groaning, and fretting whenever asked to do or bear any thing,—looking on such occasions as if it longed to bite, if only it dared. Its malignant expression of face is lost in pictures: but it may be seen whenever one looks for it. The mingled expression of spite, fear and hopelessness in the face of the camel always gave me the impression of its being, or feeling itself, a

damned animal. I wonder some of the old painters of hell did not put a camel into their foreground, and make a traditional emblem of it. It is true, the Arab loves his own camel, kisses its lips, hugs its neck, calls it his darling and his jewel, and declares he loves it exactly as he loves his eldest son: but it does not appear that any man's affection extends beyond his own particular camel, which is truly, for its services, an inestimable treasure to him. He is moved to kick and curse at any but the domestic member of the species, as he would be by the perverseness and spite of any other ill-tempered creature. The one virtue of the camel is its ability to work without water; but, out of the desert, I hardly think that any rider would exchange the willing, intelligent, and proud service of the horse for that of the camel which objects to every thing, and will do no service but under the compulsion of its own fears.'—Vol. i. p. 7

Of Alexandria itself she thought no higher than of its camels. 'I have seen,' she tells us, 'many desolate-looking places, in one country or another; but there is nothing like Alexandria, as seen from a height, for utter dreariness. Our friends there told us they were glad we staid a few days, to see whatever was worth seeing, and be amused with some African novelties; for this was the inhabitants' only chance of inspiring any interest. Nobody comes back to Alexandria that can help it, after having seen the beauty of Cairo, and enjoyed the antiquities of Upper Egypt. The only wonder would be if any one came back to Alexandria, who could leave the country in any other way.'

Miss Martineau and party left the city on the 25th of November, and proceeded in an omnibus to the Mahmoudieh Canal, the construction of which cost the lives of upwards of 20,000 people. This canal communicates with the Nile, up which they sailed in a steamer to Cairo. They were now approaching the region of the Pyramids, and the first impression they made, as seen from the river, is thus described:—

'Mr. E. came to me with a mysterious countenance, and asked me if I should like to be the first to see the Pyramids. We stole past the groups of careless talkers, and went to the bows of the boat, where I was mounted on boxes and coops, and shown where to look. In a minute I saw them, emerging from behind a sandhill. They were very small; for we were still twenty-five miles from Cairo; but there could be no doubt about them for a moment; so sharp and clear were the light and shadow on the two sides we saw. I had been assured that I should be disappointed in the first sight of the Pyramids; and I had maintained that I could not be disappointed, as of all the wonders of the world, this is the most literal, and, to a dweller among mountains, like myself, the least imposing. I now found both my informant and myself mistaken. So far from being disappointed, I was filled with surprise and awe: and so far was I from having anticipated what I saw, that I felt as if I had never before looked upon any thing so new as those clear and vivid

masses, with their sharp blue shadows, standing firm and alone on their expanse of sand. In a few minutes, they appeared to grow wonderfully larger; and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light. This impression of the Pyramids was never fully renewed. I admired them every evening from my window at Cairo; and I took the surest means of convincing myself of their vastness, by going to the top of the largest; but this first view of them was the most moving: and I cannot think of it now without emotion.'—Ib. p. 25.

As they intended returning to Cairo, they did not at this time attempt to see its 'lions.' A small vessel was engaged to take them up to the first cataract, the crew of which, including the Rais, or captain, consisted of twelve persons, five of whom were Nubians, and the rest natives of Cairo. They had besides, Alee their dragoman, and his assistant Hasan, together with the cook. The hire of the boat and crew, who provided for themselves, was £40. per month. Innumerable flocks of pelicans were seen as they ascended the river, and various other birds sported themselves on every hand. The party frequently went on shore, and thus increased their acquaintance with the habits of the people, as well as with the scenery by which it was lined. At Asyoot, the last post town in their route, they inspected the bazaars, which were well stocked. Our author, and her lady companion, here first encountered one of the annoyances of eastern travelling. They were stared at by all, as their uncovered faces were a novelty. Fashion is proverbially capricious, and, according to the Egyptian standard, an unveiled face betokens a want of womanly modesty. 'The staring was not rude or offensive, but it was enough to be very disagreeable.'

A passing allusion to one fact, which attracted notice at this place, throws a melancholy light on the condition of the people. Such mutilations will not take place under the force of any ordinary pressure. The service of the government must be regarded as a terrible evil, before they can be perpetrated. One such fact outweighs all the eulogies which French and English writers have passed on the administration of the viceroy:—

'While we were waiting in the street,' says Miss Martineau, 'to have our letters addressed in Arabic to the care of our consul at Cairo, I was, for the first time, struck by the number of blind and one-eyed people among those who surrounded us. Several young boys were one-eyed. As every body knows, this is less owing to disease than to dread of the government.'—Ib. p. 55.

They stopped only for a brief period at Thebes, intending to visit it on their return, but the Rais wanting to have his head shaved, and the Dragoman to buy a sheep and some bread, they

paid a hasty visit to its memorable ruins. The character of Egyptian scenery is altogether peculiar. It bears little resemblance to that of other countries, and has few attractions for the light and unreflecting. The mere tourist would wander amongst its magnificent memorials, uninterested and without improvement, but a meditative man, who looks on the outward but as a type of the inner world, and regards the ruins of 'old time,' as significant comments on the passions, institutions, and history of bygone ages, will find himself at home in this land of romance. This was clearly Miss Martineau's case, as the following description will show:—

'We drew to the El-Uksur (Luxor) shore, and ran up to the ruins. The most conspicuous portion from the river is the fourteen pillars which stand parallel with it, in a double row: but we went first to the great entrance to the temple. I find here in my journal the remark which occurs oftener than any other; that no preconception can be formed of these places. I know that it is useless to repeat it here: for I meet everywhere at home people who think, as I did before I went, that between books, plates, and the stiff and peculiar character of Egyptian architecture and sculpture, Egyptian art may be almost as well known and conceived of in England as on the spot. I can only testify, without hope of being believed, that it is not so; that instead of ugliness, I found beauty; instead of the grotesque, I found the solemn: and where I looked for rudeness, from the primitive character of Art, I found the sense of the soul more effectually reached than by works which are the result of centuries of experience and experiment. The mystery of this fact sets one thinking, laboriously; I may say, painfully. Egypt is not the country to go to for the recreation of travel. It is too suggestive and too confounding to be met but in the spirit of study. One's powers of observation sink under the perpetual exercise of thought: and the lightest-hearted voyager, who sets forth from Cairo eager for new scenes and days of frolic, comes back an antique, a citizen of the world of six thousand years ago, kindred with the mummy. Nothing but large knowledge and sound habits of thought can save him from returning perplexed and borne down;—unless indeed it be ignorance and levity. A man who goes to shoot crocodiles and flog Arabs, and eat ostrich's eggs, looks upon the monuments as so many strange old stone-heaps, and comes back 'bored to death with the Nile;' as we were told we should be. He turns back from Thebes, or from the First Cataract;—perhaps without having even seen the Cataract, when within a mile of it, as in a case I know; and he pays his crew to work night and day, to get back to Cairo as fast as possible. He may return gay and unworn: and so may the true philosopher, to whom no tidings of Man in any age come amiss; who has no prejudices to be painfully weaned from, and an imagination too strong to be overwhelmed by mystery, and the rush of a host of new ideas. But for all between these two extremes of levity and wisdom, a Nile voyage is as serious a labour as the mind and spirits can be involved in; a trial even to health and temper such as is little

dreamed of on leaving home. The labour and care are well bestowed, however, for the thoughtful traveller can hardly fail of returning from Egypt a wiser, and therefore a better man.'—*Ib.* p. 84—86.

The cataract was now their object, and they hastened forward to reach it, if possible, by Christmas day. Leaving their boats, they proceeded on asses to Mahatta, a village at the head of the cataract, and their ride through the Desert 'was full of wonder and delight. It was only about three miles; but it might have been thirty from the amount of novelty in it.' On arriving at Mahatta they were in Nubia, and found themselves at once in the midst of scenery far wilder than any which had been witnessed in the new world:—

'The Mississippi is wild: and the Indian grounds of Wisconsin, with their wigwam camps, are wild: but their wildness is only that of primitive nature. This is fantastic,—impish. It is the wildness of Prospero's island.'—*Ib.* p. 103.

At length the great feat was to be performed, and Miss Martineau paints it to the life:—

'I felt,' she says, 'the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing, for the first, and probably the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty: and truly it is an imposing sight. The quickness of movement and apprehension, the strength and suppleness of frame, and the power of experience in all concerned this day contrasted strangely with images of the bookworm and the professional man at home, who can scarcely use their own limbs and senses, or conceive of any control over external realities.'—*Ib.* p. 120.

There is much good sense in her remarks on the want of physical culture amongst the literati of Europe, but we hasten to her account of the ascent, which occupied four hours. She tells us:—

'I saw incessantly that though much is done by sheer force,—by men enough pulling at a rope strong enough,—some other requisites were quite as essential:—great forecast, great sagacity; much nice management among currents, and hidden and threatening rocks; and much knowledge of the forces and subtleties of wind and water. The men were sometimes plunging, to heave off the boat from a spike or ledge; sometimes swimming to a distant rock, with a rope between their teeth, which they carried round the boulders;—then squatting upon it, and holding the end of the rope with their feet, to leave their hands at liberty for hauling. Sometimes a man dived to free the cable from a catch under water; then he would spring on board, to pole at any critical pass: and then ashore, to join the long file who were pulling at the cable. Then there was their patience and diligence—very remarkable when we went round and round an eddy many times, after all but succeeding, and failing again and again from the malice of the wind. Once this happened

for so long, and in such a boisterous eddy, that we began to wonder what was to be the end of it. Complicated as were the currents in this spot, we were four times saved from even grazing the rocks, when, after having nearly got through, we were borne back, and swung round to try again. The fifth time, there came a faint breath of wind, which shook our sail for a moment, and carried us over the ridge of foam. What a shout there was when we turned into still water! The last ascent but one appeared the most wonderful,—the passage was, twice over, so narrow,—barely admitting the kandjia,—the promontory of rock so sharp, and the gush of water so strong: but the big rope, and the mob of haulers on the shore and the islets heaved us up steadily, and as one might say, naturally,—as if the boat took her course advisedly.

‘Though this passage appeared to us the most dangerous, it was at the last that the Rais of the Cataract interfered to request us to step ashore. We were very unwilling; but we could not undertake the responsibility of opposing the local pilot. He said it was mere force that was wanted here, the difficulty being only from the rush of the waters, and not from any complication of currents. But no man would undertake to say that the rope would hold; and if it did not, destruction was inevitable. The rope held; we saw the boat drawn up steadily and beautifully; and the work was done. Mr. E., who has great experience in nautical affairs, said that nothing could be cleverer than the management of the whole business. He believed that the feat could be achieved nowhere else, as there are no such swimmers elsewhere.’—*Ib.* pp. 121—123.

The Nubians are represented as thrifty and industrious. The under lip of the women is dyed blue, and their tattoo marks, nose rings, and hair dripping with castor oil, are in the last degree distasteful to an English visitor. Their countenance, however, is open and good humoured, ‘and the pathetic thoughtfulness of many, rendered them interesting,’ to our traveller. The women wore silver bracelets, and bead necklaces, and swathed themselves in blue garments. The men had but little clothing, and the children were generally naked, save that the girls ‘had a sort of leather fringe tied round the loins.’ The villages are exceedingly diminutive, and the population, though once numerous, is now extremely scanty. The fiscal regulations of the country are thus described:—

‘As I understand the matter, it is thus, with regard to these Nubians. The Pasha holds the whole land and river of Egypt and Nubia in fee-simple, except as much as he has given away, for its revenues, to favoured individuals: and his rents are included in what are called his taxes. In Egypt, the people pay tax on the land. In Nubia, they pay it on the sakias and palms. The palms, when large, pay a piastre and a quarter (about 3d.) each, per annum: when small, three-fourths of a piastre. Each sakia pays a tax of three hundred and fifty piastres, or 3*l.* 10*s.*;

and the payer may appropriate as much land as the sakia will water. The quantity taken is usually from eight hundred to twelve hundred square yards.'—*Ib.* p. 131.

We pass over Miss Martineau's description of the ruins of Thebes, and of the various other monuments which were examined, as we have already, in another article, devoted to this subject as large a space as our limits permit. Many illustrations of scripture, also, are incidentally furnished, of which we should be glad to furnish specimens, but the necessity of the case restricts us to the following, which will instantly recall to our readers one of the complaints of the Israelites against their Egyptian taskmasters. 'A large quantity of mud bricks was here laid out to dry. They had an unusual proportion of straw in them; so that I believe they would have burned to ashes if set fire to.'

The pyramids were of course to be explored. They had been seen from a distance, and their impression has been noted, but they were now to be ascended, and their inner chambers to be viewed. The following is our author's account of the former feat:—

'The Sheikh who met us on the spot, appointed our attendants;—three to each of us. Mr. E. set out first,—waving an adieu to us till we should meet aloft. He mounted with a deliberate, quiet step, such as he could keep up to the end, and reached the summit in seventeen minutes. It took me about five minutes more.

'On looking up, it was not the magnitude of the Pyramid which made me think it scarcely possible to achieve the ascent; but the unrelieved succession,—almost infinite,—of bright yellow steps; a most fatiguing image!—Three strong and respectable-looking Arabs now took me in charge. One of them, seeing me pinning up my gown in front, that I might not stumble over it, gave me his services as lady's-maid. He turned up my gown all round, and tied it in a most squeezing knot, which lasted all through the enterprise. We set out from the north-east corner. By far the most formidable part of the ascent was the first six or eight blocks. If it went on to the top thus broken and precipitous, the ascent would, I felt, be impossible. Already, it was disagreeable to look down, and I was much out of breath. One of my Arabs carried a substantial campstool, which had been given me in London with a view to this very adventure,—that it might divide the higher steps,—some of which, being four feet high, seem impracticable enough beforehand. But I found it better to trust to the strong and steady lifting of the Arabs in such places, and, above every thing, not to stop at all, if possible; or, if one must stop for breath, to stand with one's face to the Pyramid. I am sure the guides are right in taking people quickly. The height is not so great, in itself: it is the way in which it is reached that is trying to look back upon. It is trying to some heads to sit on a narrow ledge, and see a dazzling succession of such ledges for two or three hundred feet below; and there, a crowd of diminutive people look-

ing up, to see whether one is coming bobbing down all that vast staircase. I stopped for a few seconds two or three times, at good broad corners or ledges.—When I left the angle, and found myself ascending the side, the chief difficulty was over; and I cannot say that the fatigue was at all formidable. The greater part of one's weight is lifted by the Arabs at each arm; and when one comes to a four feet step, or a broken ledge, there is a third Arab behind. When we arrived at a sort of recess, broken in the angle, my guides sported two of their English words, crying out 'Half-way!' with great glee. The last half was easier than the first; and I felt, what proved to be true, that both must be easier than the coming down. I arrived second, and was kindly welcomed to that extraordinary spot by Mr. E. Mrs. Y. appeared presently after: and lastly, Mr. Y.;—all in good spirits.

'I was agreeably surprised to find at the top, besides blocks standing up which gave us some shade, a roomy and even platform, where we might sit and write, and gaze abroad, and enjoy ourselves, without even seeing over the edge, unless we wished it. There was only the lightest possible breeze, just enough to fan our faces, without disturbing us. The reason of our ascending the Pyramid first, before going into it, was that we might take advantage of an hour of calm, and avoid the inconvenience of the wind which might spring up at noon. And most fortunate we were in our weather, and in all other particulars. It was a glorious season,—full of new delight, without drawback;—for I now began to think I might perhaps see the inside of the Pyramid too.'—Vol. ii. pp. 65—67.

The king's chamber was subsequently examined, and its vast dimensions and sepulchral gloom made a deep impression on our travellers:—

'I have spent,' says Miss Martineau, 'the greater part of two days in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; a place generally considered awful enough: but compared with this, it was like a drawing-room to a cellar. The fantastic character of its walls and roofs takes off from the impression of its vastness and gloom. Here, the symmetry and finish so deepen the gloom as to make this seem like a fit prison-house for fallen angels.'—*Ib.* p. 70.

This structure it must be remembered was the work of men of several thousand years ago, when the pride of modern science looks for the infancy of art, and pities the imagined helplessness of our race. The plain of Thebes may well rebuke our arrogance, as its monuments leave us in bewildered astonishment. The theme is tempting, but we must not pursue it. We should be glad also to dwell on our author's account of Cairo, its streets and bazaars, its mosques and citadel, but we must forbear:—

'There are few gayer things in life,' she says, 'for one who chooses to be gay, than a visit to Cairo. The stranger must use a few precautions against the disturbance of his gaiety; and then he may surrender himself

to the most wonderful and romantic dream that can ever meet his waking senses. The most wonderful and romantic,—because there is nothing so wonderful and romantic in the whole social world as an Arabian city : and Cairo is the queen of Arabian cities. Damascus is usually ranked with Cairo ; but, full of charms as Damascus is (as we may see by and by), it is charming for other reasons than its virtues as an Arabian city : on which ground it cannot for a moment stand a comparison with Cairo. The precautions against seriousness which a stranger must take are, first, to forget that he is in Egypt ; to avoid looking over westwards to the Pyramids, or too far southwards, lest an array of old Egyptian ghosts should marshal themselves on the horizon, and cast a shadow of solemnity over his thoughts. He must also shake off any considerate humanity which may hang about him, and avoid inquiring what lies beneath what he sees, or thinking of any people but those whom he meets in the bazaars. A butterfly may enjoy a glorious day in hovering about an array of flower-baskets, not caring whether the flowers are growing or stuck into wet sand : and the stranger in Cairo may have a short season of transport, if he will only take up with the shows of things, and forget the roots.

‘The mere spectacle of the streets I relished more and more to the last. As for the rest, I could not keep my heart and mind in abeyance for many days ; and before I left, I felt that there is hardly a spot in what I have seen of the countries of the world where I would not rather live than in Cairo. The more I liked the Arabs, and the more I admired their gem of a city, the more impossible I felt it would be to live there, for any other reason than a strong call of duty. The mere spectacle of the streets became, however, as I said, more bewitching every day.’—*Ib.* p. 116.

Miss Martineau visited two harems, one at Cairo, and another at Damascus, and the twenty-second chapter of the first part of her work, furnishes a brief statement of what she saw. It is a melancholy tale, full of lamentation and woe, and we are glad she did not permit any false sentiment to induce her to suppress it. The general result is thus summed up:—

‘I had been struck by the view taken by Mr. Milnes in his beautiful poem of ‘the Hareem ;’ and I am sure I did meet this subject with every desire to investigate the ideas and general feelings involved in it. I learned a very great deal about the working of the institution ; and I believe I apprehend the thoughts and feelings of the persons concerned in it : and I declare that if we are to look for a hell upon earth, it is where polygamy exists : and that, as polygamy runs riot in Egypt, Egypt is the lowest depth of this hell. I always before believed that every arrangement and prevalent practice had some one fair side,—some one redeeming quality : and diligently did I look for this fair side in regard to polygamy : but there is none. The longer one studies the subject, and the deeper one penetrates into it,—the more is one’s mind confounded with the intricacy of its iniquity, and the more does one’s heart feel as if it would break.’—*Ib.* p. 148.

Of Egypt, generally, the account given is by no means favorable. The information communicated is indeed scanty, and not without reason, as it appears to be in the last degree difficult to obtain accurate intelligence respecting either its population or its social state. Miss Martineau does not forget the brighter colorings of the picture. 'The people appeared to us,' she says, 'sleek, well-fed, and cheerful. I am not sure that I saw an ill-fed person in all Egypt. There is hardship enough of other kinds,—abundance of misery to sadden the heart of the traveller; but not that, as far as we saw, of want of food. . . . I have seen more emaciated, and stunted, and depressed men, women, and children, in a single walk in England, than I observed from end to end of the land of Egypt.' This is the bright side of Egyptian life, and our readers may infer the other from the following brief extract:—

'I find in my journal the following complaint. 'One pregnant fact here is that one can get no reliable information from the most reliable men. About matters on which there ought to be no difference of statement, we meet with strange contradictions; such as the rate and amount of tax, etc. In fact, there are no data; and there is little free communication. Even a census does not help. The present census, we are told, will be a total failure—so many will bribe the officials to omit their names, because of the poll-tax.' Thus it is that neither I nor any other traveller can give accounts of any value of the actual material condition of the people of Egypt. But we have a substantial piece of knowledge in this very negation of knowledge. We know for certain that a government is bad, and that the people are unprosperous and unhappy in a country where there is a great ostentation of civilization and improvement, side by side with mystery as to the actual working of social arrangements, and every sort of evasion on the part of the people. We have a substantial piece of knowledge in the fact that men of honour, men of station, men of business, men of courage, who have all the means of information which the place and time permit, differ in opinion and statement about every matter of importance on which they converse with inquiring strangers. I saw several such men. They were quite willing to tell me what they knew; and they assigned frankly the grounds of their opinions and statements: but what I obtained was merely a mass of contradictions so extraordinary that I cannot venture to give any details: and if I give any general impressions, it can be only under the guard of a declaration that I am sure of nothing, and can offer only what I suppose on the whole to be an indication of the way in which the government of Mohammed Alee works.'—*Ib.* p. 168.

The second part of her work brings Miss Martineau into more immediate contact with the history of Moses and the Israelites; and it is painful to see how the scripture narrative is diluted, and its miraculous interpositions are overlooked. She does not formally contest them. There would have been

more honesty in doing so. Her readers would, at least, have been forewarned, and might, in consequence, have declined her further companionship. As it is, their suspicions are allayed by the absence of direct denial, and the inexperienced are thus allured, until the systematic avoidance of allusion to the miraculous portions of Jewish history awakens their surprise, and leads them more attentively to examine the thread of her narrative. Instantly that they do so the spell is dissolved, and they feel indignant at the delusion attempted. The scripture history is brought down to the level of ordinary life. The Divine mission of Moses, the miracles he wrought in the presence of Pharaoh, the passage of the Red Sea, and the interpositions of Jehovah in the wanderings of the Israelites, are passed over as pure fables. So complete is this negation, that the reader of these volumes might close them without being aware that such things had ever been alleged. And all this is done with an affectation of philosophy and deep thought, which puts the unwary off their guard. Some points of the character of Moses are indeed ably sketched; his solitary musings in the desert, his patriotic aspirations on behalf of his people, the wisdom with which he conducted them from bondage, and the promptitude and presence of mind with which he adapted his plans to their varying moods and circumstances, are dwelt on with masterly skill. But throughout the whole, Moses is simply the sage and patriot. His thoughts are those of earth, elevated, it is true, above his fellows, but utterly wanting the authority of a special mission, or any distinct and continuous reference to an overruling Deity. But this is not all. Referring to the giving of the Law, Miss Martineau tells us, there is no evidence to decide the locality, 'because the premises can never be fixed,' and then adds, with a disingenuousness discreditable alike to her learning and her candor:—

'While every body believes the general fact of the leading of the Hebrews to this region, in order to prepare them for their future nationality, no one can say how much of the details is strictly historical, and how much legendary. The numbers and dates of the narrative are regarded by all the learned, I believe, as untenable; as given, after the Hebrew manner, in the large, and in established terms, understood by Hebrew hearers, but altogether misleading to those who would take them as literally as if they had been assigned after, instead of before, the origin of true history. Learned men, who are up to the mark of historical science in our day, know that the Hebrews and their followers could not have amounted to two millions of people when they left Egypt, and that the 'forty years' and 'forty days' assigned to a variety of transactions is not to be taken literally, nor was ever meant to be so.'—*Ib.* p. 241.

So far from the transactions referred to not being viewed as

literal, it is the common faith of Christendom, sustained by the most profound thinkers of our race, that, without such a hypothesis, the history is unintelligible, the character of Moses open to fatal crimination, and the very teachings of our Lord involved in ambiguity and doubt. And then, as to the numbers specified, we are perfectly astonished at the cool dogmatism of Miss Martineau. Who the 'learned men' may be to whom she refers we know not; but of this we are assured, that the highest authorities establish, beyond reasonable doubt, the literal accuracy of the Mosaic statement. The alleged number of the Israelites, so far from being incredible, is borne out by well attested facts, and is in keeping with the theory of the most profound writers on population. The coolness with which such assertions are made, recoils with terrible effect on herself; disproving either her competency to the question discussed, or betokening a foregone conclusion.

The Mosaic institutions are, of course, in Miss Martineau's view, a mere transcript of those of Egypt, accommodated to the circumstances and prejudices of the Israelites. Moses was compelled by their debasement to abandon his design of establishing a pure theocracy, and being reduced to the necessity of instituting a ritual religion, naturally looked to Egypt for his pattern. 'After a long and terrible conflict, he surrendered his highest hopes for the people, and pursued a lower aim. He gave them a ritual, Egyptian in its forms, and seasons, and associations, but with Jehovah alone for its object.' This theory is consistently followed throughout, and we are told, therefore, that 'the serpent in Eden is, in the history, a mere serpent, altogether Egyptian in its conception, and bearing no relation whatever to the evil being with which superstition afterwards connected it. Moses nowhere hints at such a notion as that of an express author of evil.' We are well aware of the authorities which may be pleaded in support of this theory, and are not disposed to deny that there are circumstances which give it an air of plausibility. The authorities, however, with very few exceptions, belong to a class whose inquiries commence with a denial of what is supernatural, whilst the analogies relied on are susceptible of another, and, as we believe, far more consistent and satisfactory solution. That there should be resemblances, more or less distinct, between some of the laws of Moses and those of Egypt, is far from surprising, and proves nothing to the point. The real question is, which theory best accounts for the ritual as a whole,—that which deems him a mere human legislator, copying from and improving what he had seen in Egypt, or that which admits the interposition of a Divine intelligence, adapting its institutions to the capacities, and knowledge,

and wants of a people? On the former hypothesis, a few facts obtain partial explanation, while on the latter, a beautiful light is thrown over the whole, which gives them a consistency and completeness not otherwise attainable.

In keeping with the temper expressed in these views, the distinctive doctrine of Christianity, 'God manifest in the flesh,' is repudiated as a heathen fable :—

'We had seen,' says Miss Martineau, 'in Egypt, and in the Greek philosophy which was thence derived, ages before the time of Christ, those allegorical fables of Osiris and his nature and offices, of the descent of the Supreme on earth in a fleshly form, and the deifying or sanctification of intercessors which were unhappily, but very naturally, connected with the simple teachings of Christ by the Platonising converts of various countries, at an early period, and which to this day deform and vitiate the gospel in countries which yet keep clear of the open idolatries of the Greek and Latin churches.'—Vol. iii. p. 127.

We deeply regret the error which this statement betokens, and though Miss Martineau will probably regard us as narrow-minded and intolerant, we must say, that to reject the incarnation and atonement of the Redeemer, under whatever hypothesis, is, in our judgment, to discard the only hope of a lapsed and perishing world. We are not aware of any bitterness of feeling, certainly we are free from personal prejudice, but our conviction is such, that were we to relinquish our confidence in these truths, we should reject revelation as a lie, and surrender ourselves to the bitterness of despair.

Another most serious error pervading these volumes, is the pantheism which breathes throughout them. Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity, are but forms, mere outward symbols, beneath each and all of which, acceptable worship may alike be rendered to God. And this too, not in a supposable case only, where the Jew and the Mahometan have not had an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the Christian faith, but where that faith has been examined and deliberately rejected :—

'Those,' says our author, 'who are intimate with the minds of educated and conscientious Jews are aware that such cannot be converted to Christianity : that the very foundation of their faith cannot support that superstructure : that there can be, to them, no reason why they should change, and every conceivable reason why they should not. *They* well know that it is only the ill-grounded Jew who can be converted ; the weak, the ignorant, or the needy and immoral.'—Ib. p. 112.

Miss Martineau is singularly perspicacious in detecting the superstitions of Christians, and she cannot well say too much respecting the debasement of those in Palestine ; yet, with strange inconsistency, the Jews of Jerusalem are said to have 'a

noble faith,' from which she deems it worse than folly to attempt to withdraw them. But enough of this. We are weary of our task. What we have said will sufficiently indicate our opinion of these volumes. We have written in sorrow, and dismiss the work with a deliberate conviction, that it is one of the most pernicious, as it is, certainly, one of the most insidious, productions of the day. What is pleasing and instructive, is infinitely outweighed by the distorted views, anti-religious prejudices, and rank scepticism, which are so prodigally scattered throughout.

ART. VII.—1. *Preliminary Address of the Council of the People's League to their Countrymen of the British Empire.*

2. *Plan of Organization of the People's League.* London: Aylott and Jones. 1848.
3. *Public Opinion; or, Safe Revolution through Self-Representation.* By Hewett Cottrell Watson. London: Effingham Wilson. 1848.
4. *A Voice for the Millions: Reasons for Appealing to the Middle Classes on Behalf of their Unenfranchised Brethren.* By a Norwich Operative. London: Houlston and Stoneman.
5. *Electoral Districts: or, the Apportionment of the Representation of the Country on the Basis of its Population, being an Inquiry into the Working of the Reform Bill, and into the Merits of the Representative Scheme by which it is proposed to supersede it.* By Alexander Mackay, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, etc. London: Charles Gilpin. 1848.
6. *Germany: Her Resources, Government, Union of Customs and Power, under Frederick William the Fourth; with a Preliminary View of the Political Condition of Europe and America in 1848.* By John Macgregor, M.P. London: Whittaker and Co. 1848.
7. *Democracy and its Mission.* Translated from the French of M. Guizot, late Prime Minister of France. London: Effingham Wilson. 1848.

OBSERVANT and thoughtful men trembled for their country in the months of March and April in 1848. They said to each other with grave faces and low voices, 'if something is not done there will be barricades in the streets.' By-and-bye they began to form the two organizations we are now to consider, and which we deem the most hopeful signs of the times, the People's League for Manhood Suffrage, and the People's Party for Parliamentary Reform.

'A friendly conference,' we quote the preliminary address of the council, 'of reformers, from all parts of the kingdom, having been held in Herbert's Hotel, Palace Yard, on the 3rd and 4th of May, about three hundred gentlemen unanimously formed themselves into a society to obtain UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.* Details essential to the exercise of this right they agreed to leave open for future consideration, because they would not, by giving them undue importance, place any obstacle in the way of a cordial union with every reformer favourable to the enfranchisement of every man. Believing straightforwardness to be the dictate of wisdom as well as of duty, they would not, for the sake of securing support, adopt any vague generality, nor any suffrage more conciliatory to existing prejudices. A suffrage based on property they would not adopt, because they desire the enfranchisement of the reason and conscience of all men. The suffrage is the means by which alone the governed can be protected from the selfishness of their governors, and the protection ought to be co-extensive with the danger, and is most needed by the classes who are most exposed to it—the most numerous and productive classes.

'This conference decided, with equal unanimity, that all the means used by the People's League should be peaceful and constitutional. Desiring to make reason and conscience free in politics, they rely upon the might of the truth, published in love, for success, and have not a doubt of the triumph of their cause, by the power of arguments and facts adapted to obtain the assent of the understandings, and the approbation of the consciences, of their countrymen.'

We wish to submit to our readers the reasons which compel us to believe, that the responsibilities of patriotism require of us similar labours. By a simultaneous elevation of the people of nearly all Europe, the outbursting after a dreary winter of a political spring time, our brethren of France, Italy, and Germany, have won for themselves fuller rights, and nobler liberties, than were ever before enjoyed by their forefathers. But our countrymen, while sharing their joy, find themselves made liable by a sudden and an undiscussed act of parliament, to be transported as felons for life, if they use the liberty of the mind, won for them by old martyrs, and if they practise the freedom of speech to which they were born.

Moreover, there are signs of tendencies in the government, not merely to gag the lips of liberty, but to seek pretexts for

* We regret the use of this phrase. It does not express what is meant, and gives rise, moreover, to a host of prejudices, which ought and might be avoided. A *Manhood* or *resident* suffrage is intended, and it would be infinitely preferable, therefore, to use either of these term.—ED.

embroiling us in war against the progress of civilization, which demand the instant attention, and the determined opposition, of the friends of peace and of mankind. War taxes have been reimposed upon us in time of peace; and the government began the session with a proposal, not for their diminution, but for their increase. Notwithstanding the long continued and general distress of the industrious classes, the armed power has been augmented. Every soldier who could possibly be spared from the colonies has been recalled to the three kingdoms. Great Britain, the ministerial journals declare, will uphold, if need be, the monarchy of Belgium by the sword. From all parts of the continent, complaints, are arriving against the provoking meddlings of the British Foreign Office, and its diplomatic agents. The foreign secretary hints that a treaty a century and a quarter old, binds Great Britain to interfere, by force of arms, in the quarrel between the King of Prussia and the King of Denmark, respecting the Duchy of Schleswig. Fugitive aliens, of great abilities, and of despotic principles, have access to the court, and are openly influencing the deliberations of the senate, if not the policy of the cabinet. The premier has acknowledged in his place in parliament his departure from the principles of Fox, and has unequivocally avowed his approval of the policy of Pitt. Lord John Russell has publicly declared his approval, and has not denied his adoption of that policy which spotted Europe with the blood of many thousands of our countrymen, and by contracting a debt of £800,000,000. sterling, enabled a corrupt oligarchy to postpone, for five and thirty years, the enactment of even an instalment of parliamentary reform. Consulting neither their intelligence, nor their benevolence, nor their principles, but their passions, thousands of our countrymen are preparing to seek their rights, by rifles rather than by reason, forsaking their faith in the might of evidence and justice, and placing a desperate reliance upon pikes and barricades. Commercial panic in England, dearth in Great Britain, and famine in Ireland, co-operating with a government which, during two dark years, has neither adjusted taxation for the relief of the industrious classes, nor improved the relations of the peasantry to the land, have made insurrections and *emeutes*, if not civil war, probabilities, or possibilities, in these anxious days.

These are the circumstances in which the People's League have combined to secure the electoral suffrage for every man. Wherever we look, over the empire or beside our hearths, we see proofs of oligarchical misrule, and when we trace the sources of this malignant power, we find them chiefly resolving themselves into the manifold corruptions, deceits, and crimes,

of the representative system into which the British constitution has been successfully and fatally perverted. Every man and every home among us to-day, is suffering from the deceitful system embodied in the measure called the Reform Act. To this intricate coil of deceits it is, that we owe the rule of an oligarchy possessed of none of the conditions of legitimate power, for it is neither just, nor wise, nor able.*

The enterprise and the worth of our fathers have brought together an empire on which the sun never sets, and on which not one of his rays ever falls, without witnessing the marks of the injustice and of the incapacity of oligarchical legislation and administration. Canada displayed the fact by rebellion. The East Indies show it by taxation on production, and the West Indies by restrictions on labour. In New Zealand it took the shape of legal pedantries among savages. Sydney manifests it by a hideous accumulation of wickedness. It was oligarchical misrule which goaded the Caffres of the Cape of Good Hope into hostilities. It was the legislative ignorance of the oligarchy which caused the war with China; and it is their administrative incapacity which has robbed us of the fruits of the peace with China. If the planet Earth presents no region in which the heavenly lights do not shine upon the proofs of the greatness of the British people, this world also presents no quarter in which our possessions have not been marred, or blighted, by Oligarchical Misrule.

Government is necessary to protect society from the selfish passions of individuals, and representation is necessary to protect society from the selfish passions of governments. Rulers will prefer themselves, if they be not made responsible and punishable for the selfish preference of themselves. The interests of all will only be uniformly consulted by all. The responsibility of governors, whether legislative or executive, is essential for the protection of all from the selfishness of governors. Responsibility divides itself into eligibility, accountability, and dismissability. The suffrage which elects and which rejects, is, therefore, essential to good government, for those who are without it are left exposed to the selfishness of their rulers. 'Right' is the corollary of 'ought;' it is, therefore, the right of all to elect or to reject the legislative body, because all ought to be protected. Danger from the selfishness

* We are obliged to M. Guizot for this description of legitimate power. 'Permanent and universal rights are all centred in the right of obeying only such dispensations as are just and wise.' . . . 'If individual will be bound to submit to legitimate authority, no human power is exempt from the necessity of proving that it is, and that it shall remain legitimate, that is to say, just, wise, and expedient.'

of governors it is, which gives the right of responsibility to all exposed to the danger, and we deferentially submit, precisely in the degree in which they are exposed to it. On this account, the right to the suffrage is not least, if it be not greatest, in the class who have neither wealth, nor education, nor leisure wherewith to protect themselves from the selfishness of their rulers. This class are made still more defenceless, and are yet more exposed by the largeness of their numbers and the vastness of their productive powers. Exclusion from the suffrage is exclusion from protection against the selfishness of governors. In countries in which the working classes are excluded, the exclusion is of those who need the protection most. If every interest is to be represented, the interest of the least protected and the most numerous class has the best right. As for the plea of want of knowledge, it is a pretence; for the knowledge required is neither of science, nor of letters, nor of art, but knowledge of the interests of all, which must be greatest in the minds of all. But, we are told, the working classes will use the suffrage selfishly, establishing a tyranny of the many over the few,—of the majority over the minority, and of ignorance over intelligence. The working classes, when supreme, will be irresponsible, and will prefer themselves. From the days of Zeno and Aristotle, down to Burke and Guizot, this has been the pretext for withholding political power from the most numerous class. It is maintained, that when they are the supreme class, they will be unjust, unwise, and incapable, and, therefore, an illegitimate power. For the sake of illustration, let us imagine the procedure of this dark and malignant power.

Preferring themselves in the levying of taxes, they will tax their own permanent incomes, much less in proportion to their value, than the precarious incomes of others. Using themselves the finest qualities of all goods, they will tax commodities according to quantity, and thus make in relation to value, the coarse qualities of goods which others use, pay manifold more than the fine qualities which they use. This illegitimate power will prefer themselves, with respect to the taxes on the transmission of property. When the white blinds darken the suburban villa of retired industry, and indicate the transmission of the savings of toil, from the dead to the living, there are probate and legacy duties to pay, which amount to several millions a-year, levied from such homes at such times. But when the heraldic escutcheon on the mansion is the sign of the descent of wide domains and ancestral estates, there are no regrets excited in these proud homes respecting the payment of probate and legacy duties. This imaginary illegitimate power will use their supremacy to make their property only partially

liable for their debts; while the property of all other men is completely at the mercy of creditors. Not content with protecting themselves as debtors, they will privilege themselves as creditors, coming next after the taxman in distraining for the rents due to them. After protecting themselves as debtors, and privileging themselves as creditors, they must favour themselves as borrowers; abolishing usury laws with respect to trading people, but keeping up usury laws in favour of land-owning men, that they may be able to borrow cheap. But, indeed, the selfish preference of themselves by this despotic class, is strikingly displayed in reference to the land. They seize it, not merely as a possession, but as a property entailed upon their blood. Elevating their pleasures above the morals of their countrymen, they make four thousand of their neighbours criminals per annum, that they may shoot over their preserves, on an average, half a dozen times a year. Receiving the land on condition of bearing the expense of the armed power, they shift the expense of it upon the community, reserving for themselves its best pay and best promotions, and giving to the sons of the rest of the community the worst promotions, the lowest pay, the flogging, and the press-gang.

The frown of public opinion fails in making them suppress the flogging or the impressment; but they multiply marvellously the high commands which give them large pay and bedizen them with honours. They grow wheat, malt, and hops, and compel others therefore for their benefit to eat dear bread, and drink beer instead of wine. When commons are enclosed, which are pieces of land said to be for the benefit of the poor, they divide the enclosures among themselves, and give the compensation not to the poor but to each other. In the portions of the three kingdoms, peopled by the descendants of the Celtic tribes, they evict sometimes by burning down their cottages,—the descendants of the men who won the land by their swords, and allow them to perish of cold and starvation. But it is not enough for this illegitimate power, denounced by a virtuous philosophy, to prefer themselves in these ways,—to make their interests supreme over the interests of all other men, and their pleasures superior to the morals of their countrymen. They make their rights to their land dominant over the rights of other men to worship God, by refusing to sell sites for religious edifices, and compelling the inhabitants of extensive districts of country, either not to assemble together for Divine worship at all, or to worship the Almighty in the open air, amid rain and snow. But the lust of this illegitimate power, so unfit to be entrusted with political supremacy, is not satisfied with making their interests superior to the interests of others, and their property

lord it over the consciences of others; they make the lives of other men subordinate to their fancies. There are millions upon millions of acres of land in the empire, which are doomed to sterility, and there are millions upon millions of labourers compelled to want work and to want bread, because these unjust, unwise, and incapable holders of political power, fancy it to be their interest to keep the earth barren, and the labourers paupers.

By an alliance with the law, they secure for themselves the decision of a majority of all causes, civil and criminal. They make sure of the administration of all the other causes by dependents, whose biases, conscious and unconscious, are all towards their persons and their interests. Their creatures are distributed throughout the whole legal system, from the lowest catchpole up to those who sit on the judgment-seat, and hence a legal system in which every one of the practitioners has an interest in obscure law and dear justice. Hence, Courts of Equity, which are a bye-word; and bankrupt laws, which made the estate the stock in trade of commissioners, assignees, and solicitors. By a hybrid alliance with the church, and the law, they produce Ecclesiastical courts, where judges preside who are responsible to nobody but the bishop of a sect, whose causes against all other sects the judge decides; courts which confine relief from matrimonial wrongs to the rich; courts which administer unintelligible, arbitrary, mawkish, obsolete, and oppressive law, and in which the business is a monopoly of a family compact, including judges, bar, and proctors. Making the laws which regulate the transfers of property, they are absorbing rapidly nearly all the small estates into their own large ones, and extinguishing the yeomanry of England. So rapidly is the absorbing process proceeding, that the land of England, which in 1775, belonged to 250,000 families; in 1815 belonged to only 20,000 proprietors, or, including estates belonging to the church, and 6,000 incorporations, to 32,000.* They make themselves magistrates in virtue, not of their proficiency in law, but of their property in land, and thus locally decide most of the causes, vote all the taxes, command all the constables, and spend all the money. Asserting their mere wills against the personal liberty of other men, any one of them assumes the power to imprison any poor man as a vagrant, for being homeless, and for walking upon a public path, and any two of them together may, on the merest pretence, shut up a footpath, on which the

* Passy, p. 9, as quoted in 'The Emancipation of the Soil and Free Trade in Land.' By a Landed Proprietor. Edinburgh: John Johnstone, Hunter-square. 1845.

poor have had the right of way for centuries. They invest policemen with powers for proclaiming down the political meetings of thousands. And they revive enactments which forbid more than twenty of their countrymen to sign a petition for a redress of grievances. Setting themselves up as a class to enforce obedience to law and order upon all other classes, they make law, which ought to be the incorporated morality of society, an oppression, and order which is the security of property and person, the harmony, the beauty, and the sweetness of communities, hateful and not loveable, degrading and not ennobling to men.

But it is in reference to the reason and the conscience of other men, that the selfishness of this class is most odiously displayed. By alliances with various religious and very different sects, they secure for themselves the wealthiest endowments, the cathedrals, and the mitres. Taking advantage of ecclesiastical convulsions, they seize church lands for their own behoof, though bequeathed by piety and benevolence to Christianity and poverty. The spirit embodied in their treatment of Christianity is, that every church which will not veil the spiritual prerogatives of God and of the soul to their temporal authority and secular interests, must be discredited, persecuted—persecuted to-day by taxation, by spoliation, by disabilities, and by contumelies, and but recently by death, and torture, the scaffold and the stake. The rationale of religious endowments and ecclesiastical taxation, has come in the progress of the selfishness of this supreme class to be, the best payments for those of themselves who do not teach, and the taxation of every body else for receiving their instruction elsewhere; this unjust power, this selfish class, pay their own religious instructors out of the funds of all. A German tradesman invented a way of stamping thoughts on paper, which wonderfully facilitates their circulation, to lessen the darkness and the miseries of men. But this illegitimate power have counteracted with all their might the intelligence and the beneficence of this invention of genius, by excise restrictions on the manufacture of paper, by advertisement duties, by stamp duties, by libel and gagging laws, and especially by bribing servile, and by ruining independent thinkers and writers. The highest right of man is the freedom of the soul; the right of every man to form and to fulfil his convictions respecting all his affairs. Without this, the soul of man is not his own. The vital and the essential idea of all individual culture is, the right of each man to form and to fulfil the theories, industrial, moral, social, or spiritual, by which he is to guide himself in life. This is the first want of all clear spirits. It is in the exercise of this right, that genius discovers and

reveals the ideas which advance man. To give scope for genius, all minds ought to be free. The vital and the essential idea of social progress, is the inworking of the highest ideas into human affairs; and if this process is to go on, all minds must be free. Moral ideas enthroned in reason and governing duties, make up the conscience of a man, which has respect to the will of his all-seeing Creator and Judge. Unless the mind, the reason, the conscience be free, the man is not free, either as regards God or eternity. Yet it is specially against this highest and most sacred of rights, that the selfishness of the supreme class is displayed. They will not let men be free industriously; for they interpose barriers between labour and its materials. They will not allow men to be free economically, for they restrict the production and the exchanges of commodities. They will not allow the consciences of other men to be free politically, for they either withhold franchises, or try to coerce consciences by means of their property or their gifts. They will not allow the consciences of other men to be free morally, for they exact deference to their conventions and their prejudices. They will not allow the consciences enshrined within the souls of other men to be free spiritually, for they profess to establish religious truth, and demand for it pecuniary support and inward belief. Selfishness which makes the earth barren, selfishness which starves millions, selfishness which creates criminals, selfishness which enters into the soul and dethrones the conscience, these are the works of this Illegitimate Power. When the cry of the victims of this selfishness is heard in the land, they say the fabric of their aggrandisement is the growth of Providence. Christian in profession, pagan in practice, they call themselves the natural superiors of society, and when the immolation of multitudes appals human feelings, piously declare the work of their greed to be the work of God.

But is this supreme selfishness, this disguised paganism, a people? Is this illegitimate power a universal franchise, embodying the interests, the intelligence, the consciences of all? No; all these facts belong to the oligarchical rule of this country at this hour. They are not suspicions against a democracy, they are actual experiences of an aristocracy by us all. Oh! the hypocrisy of the philosophy which, on a suspicion of selfishness, justifies the exclusion of the many, from the right to make the few (convicted by such facts of such selfishness) responsible to all.

On the supposition of an equal distribution of selfishness among all classes of men, the supreme working class could only embody their selfishness in seeking the greatest possible happiness of the most numerous class. The selfishness of all would

prefer all. But we seek not the franchise for a class, but for a people. We ask the vote which elects, which calls to account, which rejects, to protect the millions who are governed, from the thousands who govern, by responsibility. We ask the franchise for all the men of British race in the empire, and especially for seven millions of men in the three kingdoms. We are Conservatives of the people from the selfishness of their rulers. We repudiate class interests, and hate the derisive word 'class.' Millions of men cannot conspire, cannot set up caste pretensions and class conventions. They must always seek the interests of millions.

But they say, the people have neither the education nor the intelligence to fit them for a direct voice or vote, in the making of the laws they are to obey. The population of the three kingdoms consists of seven millions of men who do not know what is good for them. Doubtless, without intelligence votes are little worth. Without the moral and mental qualities needful for electing, for examining, and for rejecting rulers and legislators, the power of making them responsible would be useless. Legislation without wisdom is injurious, and legislation cannot be progressive without genius. When thought upon industrial, moral, or spiritual subjects is practically applied to affairs, it is wisdom. Thought discovering new truths, and new applications of old truths, and applying its discoveries to the good of society, is legislative genius. Indeed, the writers are quite right who give these things a paramount importance in the business of government. Moreover, great intelligence and genius are rarities. The men who have them are never the majority. But a people without them would be an extraordinary thing. If they exist at all, a franchise including every man will find them out. A universal suffrage is the only one which will not exclude any genius, or any wisdom, from the formation of the laws. By this suffrage alone can nations be quite sure of securing for the service of the country, and the benefit of society, the voice of every man whose 'wisdom maketh his face to shine.'

The statutes at large, we are told, consist of thirty thousand folios, containing many acts which secure the aggrandisement of the oligarchy, and some which embody beneficent ideas. Let us trace the grains of gold! By knowing whence the good ideas have come we may learn where to expect them. Religious liberty for instance, the abolition of civil disabilities for religious opinions, is one of these beneficent ideas. From the days of Oliver Cromwell, down to the passing by the House of Commons, and the rejection by the House of Lords, of the Jews' Disabilities Bill, this idea of right has been more and more in-

corporated in the statute-book. But when tracing the history of it, to ascertain the men to whom we owe it, we find Philip Nye, and John Goodwin, nonconformist ministers, contending for it in the Westminster assembly of divines, and John Milton, a puritan schoolmaster, spreading it over Europe, on the heaven-hued wings of his genius. As for the oligarchy, they persecuted it when it was weak, and hewed it down when it was struggling, and it was only by becoming victorious over them, that religious liberty made them the clerks who have written it upon a few of the folios of the statute-book. Take another beneficent idea as an example, the conviction that man ought not to hold property in man. One day, by the side of a road which ascended the brow of a hill, a young man with this idea in his heart sat down to rest himself, and when he arose he was a man devoted and set apart to the extinction of the traffic and the property of man in man. He worked all his days, and it was his sacred resolution on the brow of the hill, which, when the people helped him, won for the idea, its folios among the statutes at large. What is true of religious liberty, and the abolition of slavery, is also true of the freedom of commerce. More than ninety years ago a young professor taught in Glasgow, that wealth would be most successfully produced, were all men to produce what they could produce best, and exchange what they could exchange most advantageously. The other day this idea was partially admitted into the statute-book, but it was put there by the people. If the idea of Adam Smith has been enthroned over British commerce, and he, though dead, called to reign, the sway of his beneficent genius began in deference to the mighty voice of the people. The truth is, when traced to their source, most of the bad enactments are seen issuing from the oligarchy, and most of the good from the people. The fact is, when wisdom and beneficence have been transferred from the sparkling forges of thought into the noble forms of law and order, the people always have been the legislature. The question between oligarchy and the people, as respects legislation, is, whether the power which has done most of the good hitherto by agitations, by revolutions and convulsions, shall continue to do it in these ways, or shall begin a course of doing it directly, regularly, constantly, and peacefully. It is a question between those who have always opposed, and those who have always helped, the progress of wisdom and beneficence. When classes calling themselves educated, or superior, or learned, or noble, or reverend, presume to gauge the intelligence of the people, it is a pitiful attempt of the less to comprehend the greater, and of the small to grasp the infinite. The people are the fountains of genius. Out of these fountains have issued all the

greatest talents and legislative ideas, all the men who have infused either more light, or more justice, more beauty, or more beneficence, into society. The plea for excluding all from the suffrage, on the ground of want of intelligence, is just an attempt of a selfish portion of the general intelligence to shut out the whole, of which it is but a part, from the exercise of the rights of responsibility.

The intelligence needful for making good laws is, a knowledge of what is good for all. When regular political power is withheld from them, and concentrated in other hands, genius and talent are seduced from the cause of the people to the cause of the oligarchy. This disfranchisement tends, therefore, to pervert the very sources of all progress, and turns the gifts of the children of the people against the people. Exclusion from the suffrage is exclusion from education. Unconsciously, but really, the men who desire the education of the most numerous class, and yet deny them votes, are guilty of profound hypocrisy. The moral spirit of an age is the life of its affairs. The best ideas of the time are spread in reference to its business. The best information for the people is the information necessary for their whole culture, industrial, mental, moral, social, political, and spiritual. The great educator of a people is its business. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and catechisms, schools and colleges, useful for youth and children, are nothing, in the education of a people, compared with the processes which form opinion, the discussions of the press, the senate, and the meeting. This education, instead of being merely political, cultivates all the faculties of every man, and interweaves with his sympathies and habits, according to his capacity of receiving them, the most important facts, the profoundest truths, and the noblest aspirations. The use of the instrument of responsibility—the vote—can only be acquired perfectly by habit, like the use of the hammer, the pen, the hand, the tongue. The election is a course of education, for the voter, in which the candidates and their friends are his teachers, and his affairs the subject of their prelections. The explanations of the representative, who is called to account, are discussions on the affairs of the nation and the proceedings of the senate, between the ablest of his constituents and the man who has had access to all the information of the legislature. The dismissal of the representative may call into action the indignation of the voter, and strengthen, by doing it, virtue within himself, against duplicity, tergiversation, or venality. Exclusion from the suffrage is, therefore, shown to be an attempt to exclude the man from education and training in the intelligence and virtues of the citizen.

None of the requirements of responsibility can be met by a suffrage based upon any principle of property. The suffrage is required for the protection of all, and not merely for the protection of householders. The enfranchisement of the conscience of every man is the thing chiefly desirable, and this can be obtained only by a manhood suffrage. Property is the chief means of electoral corruption. The protection of all by the enfranchisement of the conscience of every man, can be obtained only by shutting out every opportunity or pretext for the interference of property with the functions of conscience. Enfranchisement on the qualification of registration in a rating-book, or of a house, no matter whether a ten-pound house, or a tenement with a door and a door-key, commits the fatal and fundamental error of enfranchising on account of property, and not of humanity, and of changing the venues of the question of qualification from mental and moral, to material and pecuniary considerations. A household suffrage gives property a plea, a pretext, and an occasion for meddling with conscience, and subjects the poor man, who occupies the house on account of which he votes, to the power and the interference of the rich man, whose house qualifies for the vote. The householder shares in effect the vote with another, and is not consequently free.

Of the infinite deceptions, corruptions, and crimes, of which a property suffrage is capable, the existing electoral system of the three kingdoms is a specimen. Under the pretext of securing the independence of electors, it keeps up, and maintains all the means and appliances for the degradation and dependence of the electors. The question between household suffrage and manhood suffrage, is just the question of the maintenance or the suppression of the principle, the influences, the practices, the machinery of electoral crime—the continuance or the abolition of nomination, intimidation, corruption, bribery, treating, abduction, and perjury.

The possession of reason and conscience, is a qualification of an elector for the exercise of the powers of responsibility, of eligibility, of accountability, and dismissability. But there is no such qualification in the occupancy of a house, or the command of the door-key of a tenement, or registration in a rating book. Under the supposition of a people ground down by the selfishness of their rulers, a household suffrage would deprive of their electoral rights, of the power of responsibility, the very men who needed their protection most, and at the most urgent times. A household suffrage, like every other property suffrage, degrades the creator of property beneath his creatures. It makes more of the possession of a door-key, than of the possession

of reason. In reference to legislation and responsibility, the door-key suffrage is a *felo de se*, for it recognises a qualification which cannot qualify for their duties. The highest duty of a citizen, is to make the will of God prevail in all affairs, and for these moral and divine duties a man derives no fitness from his door-key. But a floodgate of corruption is opened by the connection of property in any way with the sphere of conscience. The crying evil of the time is, that the poor have been becoming poorer, and the rich, richer; and the influence of property on the electoral system, is the source of this evil, the tendency of which, especially if sanctioned by new enactments, would be to lodge both property and political power in fewer and still fewer hands. Hence, it has been brought about, that the electoral body in Scotland, England, and Wales, have come to be merely the voting instruments of property, in all the boroughs and counties in which the vote is invested with any considerable political power. Were the colours of political parties, the Whig blue, and the Tory red, employed to mark on maps the proprietorship of the lands in the counties, and of the houses in the small burghs, the result of the elections could all be foretold with certainty, the blue acres and houses all returning Whigs, and the red acres and houses electing honourable gentlemen of Tory principles. The insidious proceedings of the possessors of property have made this the fact, and much better would it be for public morals, were the elections taken in this way, for then the destruction of consciences would be spared, and elections would cease to be battles of crimes. Under the pretence of the natural influences of property, of neighbourhood, virtue, and kindness—this deceitful system is just a machinery for enabling proprietors to nominate their proxies to the Commons House of Parliament, a degradation of that House, for which there is no remedy in the possession, either of the members or of the people. By the present system, somewhere about one man in six, all entitled to the suffrage, is an elector. But of these electors, a voter in a small nomination county or borough, has as much political power as five average electors. Indeed, when contrasting the largest and the smallest constituencies, the melancholy and hideous spectacle reveals itself, that an elector of the largest has only a seventieth or an eightieth or a one-hundredth part of the political power of the smallest, and this just because the one is an independent citizen, and the other a prostituted soul. By one-sixth of the present electoral body, itself one-sixth of the men entitled to share a manhood suffrage, and this sixth of the electoral body, the most servile portion of the population is a majority of the House of Commons, returned, it were false to say elected. Out of this poisoned well of crimes—the prefer-

ence of property to conscience, issue a representative system of frauds, chicaneries, briberies, debaucheries, and perjuries. All these crimes are screened and covered by hypocrisies, by the pretended enfranchisement of the middle classes, and by impostures of election committees and bribery punishments, which just increase the advantages of the wealthiest criminals.

Moral and peaceful means alone are accordant with the object of men who desire to make the Christian doctrine of the equality of souls a reality, by enfranchising all consciences alike. They desire to do as they would be done by in the polling booths. The spirit suitable for this holy cause is, not a military, but a martyr spirit, animating men who, in reference to the shedding of blood, have only blood to be shed, and not hearts to shed any blood. Desiring the enfranchisement of reason and conscience, the freedom and equality of all souls in political affairs, they believe the triumph of the cause will be best obtained by the conquering might of the truth published in love.

Of the necessity for a political organization of the middle classes, and of the members of parliament who more especially accord with them in sentiment, there cannot be a doubt in the minds of any one who witnessed the preparations made in this great metropolis on the 10th of April. Let us recall this long memorable day. In the city of two million inhabitants, in which usually there is the roar of carriages like the voice of an ocean, there was universal stillness. The mighty heart of the empire was hushed. Mounted policemen were seen, patrolling slowly backwards and forwards with their arms under their cloaks. Houses were pointed out at different places said to be full of hidden policemen, soldiers, and artillery. Every public office was a fortification. Gentlemen were met with 'special' on their left arm, and braces of pistols at their belts under their great coats. In the West End the streets were entirely deserted, and at the corners of the parks were many unusual sentinels with their bayonets on their muskets. There was masked artillery at the bridges. From twelve until four o'clock no one was allowed to cross any of the bridges from the Surrey side of the river, and consequently the streets leading to the bridges presented the spectacle of thousands of persons kept back by the police, every now and then charging them, and breaking their heads with truncheons.

For two years the Russell ministry have been an element of disorder and danger. The delays and imbecilities of the government have given their importance to the young Ireland party. We submit that the maintenance of all the iniquities of the electoral system have given their consequence to the Chartists. If they had improved the relations of landlord

and tenant, and given the peasantry a better hold on the land, the Irish would not now be buying pikes. Gradual extension of the franchise, or even a real suppression of electoral crimes, would have lessened the dissatisfaction of the men who hold, that every man has a right to a vote derived from the reason enshrined within his humanity.

'But the frightful language of the Irish Confederates and the Chartists!' surely this is the cause of the mischief. But words break no bones. Nobody would have listened had the government been progressive. We admire not the physical force doctrines which Mr. Duffy learned from a Scotchman, who ought to have had more sense than to teach them—Thomas Carlyle—but the Irish are imaginative, and it has been on the authority of a Scottish philosopher that these rhetoricians have come to believe, that nations can be regenerated only by 'blood baths.' Moreover, it is doubtful whether these Young Irelanders, and Chartists, really did utter all the atrocities ascribed to them.

Regarding Young Ireland, we must state a fact. We remember being shocked by reading in the ministerial journals a statement, that when it was agreed upon at a public meeting in Dublin to enter into a subscription to defend Smith O'Brien, a man on the platform proposed, that whatever should be left of overplus, should be spent in pikes. The ministerial press reported this, and wrote leaders upon it. Who was this man? He was a government spy, and an Orangeman, employed by Colonel Brown, the chief of the Dublin police, to entrap discontented and distressed men into crime. For this man, Kirwin, Colonel Brown is responsible; for Colonel Brown, Lord Clarendon; and for Clarendon, Lord Russell is responsible. These things were all proved, all confessed by Colonel Brown in an open police court, and thus the Russell ministry is convicted of being a spy ministry.

The proceedings of the National Convention were grossly perverted in the reports which appeared in the 'Times' and the 'Chronicle,' though they were bad enough, as the columns of the 'Northern Star' will shew. The Russell government are in truth the chief element of danger to the peace and order of the community. They cause agitation. They excite the discontents which express themselves by riots. It is nonsense to fancy the danger is over because Mr. Fussell, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Ernest Jones have been arrested, and because the true character of the Land lottery of Mr. Feargus O'Connor is about to be exposed. All the best informed persons we know are fearful of a rebellion in Ireland in the autumn. From Aberdeen in the north, to Cornwall in the south, the disaffected are making preparations

of violence, and the probabilities are great that a rebellion in Ireland will be the signal for English, Welsh, and Scotch outbreaks.

The People's League, wisely and vigorously supported, may be a great conservator of order. But nothing could be more beneficial for the security of property and life, than a people's party in parliament, wisely, harmoniously, and strenuously advocating large and effectual reforms. Of course we are aware that this party is too weak in numbers to be a legislative body; but in the power of principles, and in the strength derived from practical information, they have no superiors in the House of Commons. We have ourselves in this article attempted a *catalogue raisonne* of the abuses which will constitute the strength of the people's party in their policy of exposures. But without inviting them to enter upon the vast field embraced by our bird's-eye view, if they will unitedly and zealously prosecute the reforms for which their own resources peculiarly qualify them, they will make themselves the propeller engines of progress, if not the actual leaders of beneficent legislation. They can always make a house for each other, and by mutual arrangement and assistance, secure a debate which will be an effectual exposure of the abuse they have agreed to assault. Mr. Sharman Crawford on the occupancy of land; Mr. Bright on the game laws; Mr. Cowan on the excise laws; Mr. M'Gregor on taxation and commerce; Mr. Cobden on restriction on trade; Mr. Horsman on ecclesiastical abuses; Sir William Molesworth on Colonial administration; Colonel Thompson on currency; Mr. W. J. Fox on civil liberty; Mr. George Thompson on Indian affairs, and Mr. Hume on parliamentary reform; there are vast powers of exposure in these men, and the fields of usefulness for which their studies peculiarly fit them, are immense; while oligarchical hypocrisies, corruptions, and infamies lie before them, like the full churchyards and the pestilential lanes, now clamant for ventilation and destruction by the strong hand of sanitary improvements.

The people's party wisely determined to make the representation of the country their first battle-field. The premier met the introduction of the subject with his notable declaration of the 23d of May, that neither the middle nor the working classes desired the Reform proposed by Mr. Hume, nor the Charter advocated by Mr. O'Connor. The Whigs declared that there was no distress in the commercial world in the beginning of October, 1847, and they now declare that there is no desire for large parliamentary reforms in May, 1848. Both declarations concur in showing the well-known fact, that the Whigs are a

small, exclusive clique, living sequestered and apart from the public whom they pretend to govern, in some remote and inaccessible Timbuctoo, of central oligarchy.

Long before the continental revolutions and pecuniary embarrassments stimulated the reform spirit now manifesting itself, the pages of our own, and of other journals, might have informed her majesty's ministers that the intelligent men of the middle and working classes had generally agreed in regarding the Reform Act, as having failed to realise the hopes of the nation. The opinion of the Reform Bill which in 1831 and 1832, was confined to the small body of Radical reformers represented in the press by the 'Westminster Review' and the 'Examiner,' and in parliament by Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Roebuck, and Mr. Grote, had become, before the general election of 1847, a common conviction. On the 30th of January, 1831, Mr. Albany Fonblanque described the opinions of the party to which he belonged, in the following happy illustration, which needed all his wit to make its truth pardonable with some of his readers, and which we quote, confident that now-a-days its truthfulness will recommend it even more than its humour:—

'An Irish novelist tells a pleasant story of a green son of the Green Isle, named *Rory*, who, being plagued with a foundered hack, rode to a fair, resolved to sell him, and, with the addition of a few pounds to the proceeds, to buy a serviceable horse. He soon met with a dealer (whose name we forget, but it was not *Grey*,) who agreed to give the price of dogs' meat for the beast, and who further promised, in a hour's time, to show *Rory* precisely the sort of nag he needed, and which he should have for some twenty pounds more than the price paid for the *Rosinante*. The steed was in appointed season exhibited, approved, purchased; and *Rory* set off to return home, with no small pride at being mounted so much like a gentleman; and, on his first start, not displeased at a certain stately deliberateness of movement, which gave opportunity to the town-folks and passengers to admire his equestrian appointment. As the day shortened, however, and the road continued long, he marvelled at the remarkable resemblance in gait, stumble, and temper, between the new beast and the old one; and upon the descent of a sharp shower of rain, inducing the application of whip and spur, the end of his exertions was the discovery that he was seated upon his original hack, who, the cosmetics being washed away by the rain, now appeared in natural deformity, and showed the happy rider that he had given a score of pounds for the repossession of his dangerous old plague. This story adumbrates the whole history and mystery of the pretence of the Reform Bill in parliament, in preparation, and is the especial affair of *John Bull*, who, if he take not excellent care, will find himself, after much ado, repossessed of the vicious and worthless hack he was determined to be quit of. Ministers are all employed in docking, and trimming, and colouring, and washing, and glossing the foundered representation, to make it pass for another and a better sort of thing.'

The changes between the years 1831 and 1848 have reversed the relative positions of Sir R. Peel and Lord Russell. 'I declare that the confidence of the people in the construction and constitution of the House of Commons is gone, and gone for ever.' This declaration by Lord John Russell, as the mouth-piece of the Grey ministry, in March 1831, would have been repeated with greater truth than ever by his lordship in June 1848, were he as accessible to evidence and justice to-day as a premier, as he was seventeen years ago, when long exclusion from office had opened the ears of the Whigs to the voice of the people. He declared then that it would be easier to transfer the manufactures and commerce of Manchester and Birmingham to Gattou and Old Sarum, than to restore the confidence of the people to the House of Commons. To-day, were his lordship a mouthpiece of popular convictions, instead of being the mouthpiece of a small superannuated clique, he would be heard declaring, that it would be easier to restore the public confidence to the boroughmongers, than to maintain the organized hypocrisies and detected impostures of the Reform Act. Instead of this, he declares in his place in parliament, that the middle classes do not want household suffrage, and the working classes do not want universal suffrage!

The response of the country must have convinced the premier, if his mind is open to conviction, that the Reform Act is a failure. All our largest British towns have, at public meetings, pronounced in favour of manhood suffrage. Though the reform movement of 1848 has had peculiar obstacles to encounter, and none of the advantages of the movement of 1831 as a declaration of principle, the manifestations of the last few weeks bear an aspect of nobleness not seen before, since Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell, roused our forefathers more than two centuries ago, by the cry for 'Free Parliaments.' No noble earls have led, and no party or government influence has helped, the recent demonstrations throughout this island. The chiefs who assumed the leadership of it, held up flags with symbols emblazoned upon them little calculated to excite enthusiasm, and even these symbols done in dissolving and changing colours; one day 'a house,' the next 'a door-key,' and, lastly, 'a rating-book.' In truth the responses to these special signals have been most insignificant. But the middle classes of almost all our large towns, without exception, took the opportunity to hoist the standard approved by their own convictions, the blazoning on which was simply MAN. The great fact of the time is the exhibition of the middle classes of the British towns, demanding the suffrage as the right of every man of mature age, sound mind, unstained with crime, and of a fixed residence. 'Neither

the middle nor the working classes demand parliamentary reforms,' says the premier; and the reply from the movement spirits of all the larger British towns is, calmly and practically, but firmly, 'We demand the enfranchisement of humanity!'

Never, since the House of Commons was a house of parliament, has there been less confidence in it than at the present hour. We believe the desire for change in the middle and working classes to be more universal than it has ever been. Of course, there are infinite varieties of opinions and of voices, but the universal chorus is, there must be a change! For many generations the Whigs have taught what has, indeed, been the general opinion of mankind, the duty of backing moral suasion with physical force. They have taught, that argument tells best when supported by a gleam of steel in the back-ground. Greek philosophers, and inductive and deductive logicians may have taught, that truth can only be established by facts; Christianity may have proclaimed and exemplified the might of the publication of the truth in love; but the Whigs have always taught the people to support their arguments with their arms. In 1831, Colonel Evans, at a meeting in Westminster, attempted to overawe parliament by declaring that he knew ten thousand men in Sussex who were determined to march upon London if the Reform Bill was rejected. The Reform Bill was carried by the Whigs overawing parliament by processions, intended as demonstrations of numerical strength. The Chartists are Whig pupils and Whig copyists. No doubt there are divisions among Reformers in 1848. The imitators of the Whigs wish to effect parliamentary reform by means of processions, pikes, and barricades; and the Reformers, who have a deeper insight into the philosophy of the formation of opinions, and a truer appreciation of the spirit of Christian progress, by arguments calculated to obtain the assent of the understanding, and by appeals fitted to conciliate the consciences of their countrymen. They believe truth and right to be strong enough to walk alone. But these very diversities of opinion respecting a mode of advancing a common cause, are only different kinds of proof of the strength of the convictions in favour of the cause itself.

The debate of the 20th of June, was remarkable as a display of the badness of the ground chosen by the Reformers, for their first conflict; and for the avowal by Lord Russell of the abandonment of the professions of his whole life. He defended the small boroughs, by declaring his approval of the arguments of the late Mr. Praed, that they were useful for the admission into parliament of men of great talent, who were neither men of agricultural nor of commercial influence, and therefore without a chance either in counties or in large boroughs. This was just the old

Tory argument for the rotten boroughs,—they gave seats to the gifted nominees of the aristocracy, the Pitts, Burkes, Broughams, and Macaulays. He said the people could correct whatever was amiss in the House of Commons by electing other members. This was just the argument of the Tories—a House of Commons which will reform itself, will do anything else, and everything else the people may require of it for their good. But the least obvious revelation of his apostacy, yet the most profound and painful, was the declaration by Lord John Russell, of the despotic principles of M. Guizot. The people are entitled to the best government and the best representation. This is just the doctrine which commended M. Guizot to Louis Philippe, and caused the inscription of the name of Francis Peter William Guizot in the red morocco book, lettered *Hommes à moi*—‘my men.’ The meaning of the old Whig toast,—the sovereignty of the people,—was that the people were entitled to whatever government they chose, and any representation they liked, the worst government if it was government by themselves, and the worst representation if it was representation of themselves. A government separated from the people and proving itself to be the best, and a representation not of the people calling itself the best, are just smooth names for tyranny. It is in an evil hour for the Whigs that Lord John Russell has abandoned the school of Fox, for the school of Guizot.

For sixteen years the small boroughs have introduced none but aristocratic nominees to parliament. Mr. D’Israeli, whose first appearance in political life was as a radical candidate for Marylebone, has, indeed, obtained a seat for Maidstone and for Shrewsbury, (the former, through the influence, it is said, of Lord Lyndhurst,—the latter, by the nomination of an old lady) but with the exception of this apostate genius, the rotten burghs have not sent a single man of note to the House of Commons. The true description of a nomination borough, at best, is, that it is a debauched constituency, kept up by the oligarchy to debauch talent. They are country establishments, kept up to supply the London panders. As for the House of Commons reforming itself,—if Mr. Hume meant that the people have the power in their own hands, in the ordinary and regular use of their votes, to make the House do it,—he might as well have said that the present House is a true representation of the people, for his statement means that the badness of the House is the image of the indifference and vileness of the electors. Terror made the House of Commons reform itself in 1831, or rather, to express the fact more accurately, the fear of Revolution and civil war, wrung an appearance, or make-believe of reform from the oligarchy, and secured the enfranchisement of

a few large towns, and the disfranchisement of a few small ones. But the motive power of the legislature ought to be conviction and not fear. It is as true to say the Reform Bill was carried by popular riots, as to say it was carried by Lord John Russell. Household suffrage has neither the power of conviction nor of terror to back it, and it is, therefore, the weakest and least possible of electoral projects. And thus it appeared on the 20th of June, in the debate. Mr. Hume, with his signature attached to the People's Charter, held a brief for household suffrage, and made a speech in favour of universal suffrage, in accordance with his own convictions. Mr. W. J. Fox, throwing houses, door-keys, and rating-books, to the winds, demanded the suffrage for all men, on the ground of the great advancement of education among the people. Lord John Russell and Mr. D'Israeli cleverly availed themselves of the weak points of the Reformers, and, so far as the mere debate was concerned, had the best of it.

But it is still in the power of the reformers to turn the tables. Let them confine themselves to an exposure of the representative system. Their strength is in attack. The weapons are prepared to their hands. In the preliminary address of the People's League, we find the following brief description:—'Only one man in six is an elector. Of the electoral body a sixth part return a majority of the members of the House of Commons; and this all-powerful sixth of the electoral body, instead of being the best, wisest, and most intelligent of the electors, or of the population, are to a large extent the mere voting instruments of the oligarchy.' The Reform Act distributes the electoral power and legislative influence in largest proportions to the worst electors. One elector of Tavistock is equal to forty of Glasgow, fifty of Westminster, fifty-two of Marylebone, and sixty of the Tower Hamlets. Eighty-five thousand four hundred freeholders of Lancashire, Middlesex, and West Yorkshire, are equal in the vote lists with three thousand seven hundred servile tenants and fictitious voters of the counties of Bute, Caithness, Elgin, Linlithgow, Nairn, Orkney, Selkirk, and Sutherland. These powerful fictitious voters are enfranchised by a readiness to swear that they possess property which they have not. Of the English boroughs there are only twenty-four returning forty-four members, large enough to be supposed to be superior to the influences of nomination and corruption, with constituencies above one thousand, and without freemen, pot-wallopers, or scot and lot voters, and free from government influence. Out of three hundred and twenty-one burgesses returned, forty-four only represent towns in circumstances favourable to purity of election, leaving two hundred and seventy-

seven to the towns of the freemen, potwallopers, scot and lot voters, and boroughmongers. When fears are expressed for the country if ruled by the enfranchisement of all its intelligence, the marvel is noteworthy of an empire submitting from this fear to be ruled by a body chosen by a small minority of its most servile and venal citizens.

These are not times for half measures. Unless great reforms are powerfully demanded by peaceful reformers, the threats of the men of violence in England, Ireland, and Scotland, may be fulfilled during the ensuing autumn. Progress there will be,—effected either by words or by blood. The existing state of society is self-doomed. It is not doubtful what the nature of the change will be—it will be from oligarchical to popular government. The only thing doubtful is the mode of doing it; by the rude methods of barbarous times, or by the onslaughts of reason and the conquests of benevolence.

Brief Notices.

The Doctor, etc. By the late Robert Southey. Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D. Complete in One Volume. London: Longman and Co.

THERE are few volumes which will find a more hearty reception than this; and differing, as we do, from many of the opinions it expresses, we yet regard with satisfaction its appearance in such a form. It is a good sign of the times, that there is a demand for such an edition, as the contents of the work are far from being light and flimsy. They display extensive and varied reading, scholarship of the best and most available order, a taste rarely at fault, in points of criticism and style, a faculty of observation unusually keen, a most retentive memory, and, apart from the acerbity of controversy, a kind and generous heart. Of Dr. Southey's prose style it is needless to speak, as, by universal consent, it combines many of the best qualities of our language. *The Doctor* was published anonymously, and various opinions respecting its authorship were for a time entertained. 'It is now,' as his editor and son-in-law remarks, 'well-known, that the lamented Southey played with its pages as he did with his kittens,—as a relaxation from his bread-earning and every-day pursuits. It is not too much to say, that no one but Southey could have written it.' For wit, literature, and multifarious information; the mingling up of the light and the grave, the eccentricities of an individual, and the common sympathies of our race, we know few companions more desirable than *The Doctor*. We often dissent from his judgments, we sometimes turn away indignant at the class prejudices, the uncharitableness, and the intolerance which are expressed, but we, nevertheless, recur to its pages again and again, and find them, notwithstanding all, a fountain of

fresh and delicious water. The present edition contains the whole work in one volume, 'the getting-up' of which it is needless to say, is in the best possible style. The page is open, the type clear, and not too small, and the sketches of the author and of his study, constitute a very acceptable addition to the volume. We thank both the editor and the publishers for presenting us with the work in so attractive and readable a form.

History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions. By John Francis. Two Vols. Third Edition. London: Willoughby and Co.

A SECOND edition of this work was called for within seven weeks after its publication, and a third is now before us. The author, therefore, if so disposed, may well smile at us critics. He has evidently the public with him, and the assurance of its favor may steel him against any assaults from our quarter. But, in truth, he has little to fear. His book is a good book, one that ought to have been written, and which will amply repay its readers. Moreover, it consists in happy proportions of the agreeable and the instructive. The light and the grave are mingled together; the vivacity of anecdote enlivens the history of finance, while economical science wears a more than commonly-attractive countenance, by being associated with the incidents and traditions of the monetary world. Mr. Francis merits the success he has obtained. His work is not a complete one. It does not profess to be so. But he has opened up the subject, and those who come after him will be stimulated by his example, and will gladly avail themselves of his materials. The following extract from the preface to his first edition, will attest the value, and explain the success of the work:—'The life of William Paterson, the founder of the corporation, one of those men who live before their time, embracing the history of the remarkable Darien expedition—the Mississippi scheme, with its lights and shades, an evidence of the evils arising from the circulation being in the hands of government—the South-Sea Bubble, that memorable example of the panics which, from time to time, have seized this great commercial country—the Mine Adventurers' Company, pronounced a deception by the House of Commons, but the origin of the most important charter hitherto granted the Corporation—the Sacheverell and Gordon riots, with the attack upon the building—the perplexity of the directors in 1745, and their extraordinary expedient to meet the evil—the various runs upon the Bank, with the causes which produced them—the curious forgeries of Price, which for a time startled the whole community—the suspension of cash payments, with a historical view of its causes—the organized deception on the Stock Exchange, almost unrivalled in the history of fraud—the forgeries of Fauntleroy, when the most trifling incident which related to the crime or the man was devoured with avidity, and vast crowds assembled near Carlton-House, anxious to gain, on the day of the Recorder's report to the sovereign, the earliest intelligence of the banker's doom—with the

more recent cases of the Continental Conspiracy, and the Will-Forgeries, form part only of the contents of these volumes.'

The Seasons of James Thomson. Edited, with Notes Philosophical, Classical, Historical, and Biographical, by Anthony Todd Thomson, M.D. F.L.S. London: Longman and Co.

THE great attribute of Thomson was a minute observation of natural phenomena and much skill in their exhibition. The imagination is aroused by the beauty of his delineations, while the judgment is informed by his general correctness. Such a poet will long retain his hold on public favour, and every discreet attempt to correct his errors, and to illustrate his allusions is worthy of commendation. Such is the province of Dr. Thomson in the edition before us. His title-page sufficiently explains what he has aimed at, and the following sentence shows the spirit in which his work has been done. 'In my attempts to elucidate the scientific parts of the poems, I have endeavoured to convey my explanations in simple and intelligible language, so that the information contained in the notes may prove not only acceptable, but useful, to many who would never think of acquiring it from any other source.' The present edition is reprinted from that of Bolton Corney, Esq., who followed the edition of 1746, containing the final revision of the author. No pictorial illustrations are given, 'the object being to produce a volume of such a moderate price that it can be introduced into schools, and become available to a class of readers who cannot afford to purchase illustrated expensive works.' Dr. Thomson's edition is entitled to supersede all others of its class, and as such we strongly recommend it to the preference of our readers. It is a neat, tasteful volume, and embodies a large amount of valuable illustrative matter.

Life and Times of the Rev. Philip Henry, M.A.

Daily Communion with God; Christianity no Sect; The Sabbath; The Promises of God; The Worth of the Soul; a Church in the House.
By Matthew Henry. With a Life, by the Rev. James Hamilton.
London: Thomas Nelson.

THESE volumes belong to *Nelson's Puritan Divines*, and will be read with considerable pleasure by all who are interested in the writings and biography of our Nonconformist fathers. The series of which they form part is worthy of extensive and cordial patronage, and we trust the enterprising publisher will find the support he so richly merits. He has conferred no trifling boon on the religious community by his well-directed labors, and it would be a lasting reproach if he failed to meet with adequate support. We cordially recommend the whole series to our readers.

The Philosophy of the Beautiful. From the French of Victor Cousin. Translated with Notes and an Introduction, by Jesse Cato Daniel. London: Pickering. 1848.

WE have much pleasure in directing attention to this volume, of

which we would gladly present a somewhat minute analysis. We must, however, content ourselves with merely indicating Cousin's position on the question of which it treats. Reducing, as is well known, all absolute ideas to two categories, Cause and Substance, he considers the latter as known to us under the triple form of the True, the Beautiful, the Good. The Beautiful is, therefore, *absolute, is one, is spiritual*. From this there follow views of art and its mission, more dignified than those commonly held. The volume is a valuable one. It exhibits some of the best characteristics of Cousin, of whom Sir W. Hamilton's opinion is fast gaining ground; 'Take him all in all, in France he stands alone.' We recommend it to all students of philosophy, especially to the increasing class who feel the analyses of Beauty, usually current in England, to be unsatisfactory and superficial. We congratulate the translator, a student of Cheshunt, on his selection of these lectures, as his first attempt to introduce Cousin more generally to notice, and we hope that success will induce a continuance of his labors.

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